THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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ROMANTIC SINGLAND.

The Holy and Heroic Spot near Limerick "Where Patrick Prayed and Brian Fought!"—Impressive Religious Devotion.

Miss Banim Revives Some Beautiful Legends.

LEGENDS OF SINGLAND.

At Singland, considerably to the eastward of the old ruined house, there is a little well where, all day long and every day, may be witnessed, in its pure simplicity of devotion, the beautiful Irish custom of a Pattern.

There are many, even in the city so close at hand, who are unacquainted with the history, traditions, and legends of this spot, or how well these are known to and treasured in the hearts of the humble, pious inhabitants. I had been told that it is in March, on St. Patrick's Day, a pattern is held here; my surprise was great, then, when passing some hours on the spot, to find a constant stream of pilgrims "going the rounds," and—the people all told me—so it is each day at the holy well of St. Patrick.

The following traditions were related to me by people dwelling in the vicinity of this venerated spot.

In his progress through Munster St. Patrick is said to have spent some time at this very place, preaching, baptizing at the well he blessed, and working miracles. The Saint was here visited by an angel, who foretold him many things: and here, looking forth over the plains of Munster, St. Patrick blessed the land, its people, and all on the land and in it; nothing is forgotten in the beautiful invocation.

"Blessed be the men of Munster.
A Blessing on the land which gives them food.
A Blessing on whatever is produced for its farmers.
A Blessing on each Chief.
A Blessing on the men of Munster.
A Blessing on their woods.
A Blessing on their sloping plains.
A Blessing on their glens.
A Blessing on their hills.
A Blessing of sand beneath their ships.
A Blessing of numerous homesteads.
A Blessing on their slopes and levels.
A Blessing on their alloves and peaks.
A Blessing."

At that time there was a great multitude assembled to hear the Saint's words, people hastening from every quarter to listen to his preaching and to receive baptism, and St. Patrick noted well those that were eager and those that were lukewarm, for, seeing that the Prince of the Deal came late, he asked the cause. The Prince answered that he had waited for a shower to pass by before he set out, whereupon Patrick prophesied that at whatever meetings the Prince should henceforth attend, there the rain should fall; and this prophecy, we are told, was virified. And, as he preached, looking afar off across the hills, the Saint—a tradition says — predicted the immediate coming of one who should at a future time be a great saint. This was the young lad Nessan, who, with his mother, was actually on his way to hear Patrick preach, bringing with him an offering of a young sheep. The mother, as they came along, disputed with Nessan about the "little wether," which, she said, was

TOO GREAT A GIFT FROM THEM.

When they came to Singland, St. Patrick, in the presence of the multitude, blessed the youth and cured him of a dire disease —leprosy, it is said—and foretold, as came to pass, that Nessan should be Abbot of Mungret Abbey. The mother, too, was blessed, but as a punishment for her avarice, she was to be buried where she could never hear the voice of her son. And this prophecy, too, came to pass in after years; she was buried outside the wall of Mungret Church, so that, as Nessan preached or celebrated the mass within, the sound of his voice was not heard where his mother lay.

The first miracle worked by Patrick at Singland (Saingeal—Soir Angel) was the curing of Eccu Baldearg (Eochy of the red spot) who had been born hopelessly disfigured. Many other signs of the power of God the Saint gave. Among other pagan princes there came one whose heart was stubbornly set against receiving the faith. Thinking to confound Patrick, he said he would believe if he saw the top of one of those mountains to the east move off from its base. Patrick prayed, and the prince and all near him saw the summit of the mountain shift and move a space nearer to them that looked. Still, in his heart not desiring faith, the prince did not believe, and went away as he had come. Then Patrick said he knew that by faith could mountains be moved, but he never knew that the moving of a mountain could give faith.

Great numbers became Christians in this sacred spot and were baptised in the well which is so venerated by the Limerick people; and very beautiful is the simple devotion to be witnessed there, by, singly or in little groups, the men, women, and children came, full of hope, firm in the knowlekge that God is as good, as merciful, and as powerful today as in ages past. No one could spend a few hours by that holy well and come away other than deeply impressed by the beauty of the faith that is in our people, and without the heartfelt prayer that they may never lose the precious gift.

It is not alone the well which is held sacred, but also the stone upon which, tradition says, St. Patrick rested, and upon which are shown the marks of his knees and hands. Above this a little alcove has been built and a wall raised to preserve the stone and adjacent ground for the use of the people. This was done, in 1853, by the efforts of a learned priest of the diocese, Rev. Michael Malone, who induced the trustees of the adjacent fair green to do a really valuable work in thus preserving a spot to which such traditions cling.

THE WELL IS RUDELY DECORATED

with the offerings of the poor. but it is on Sundays, a woman told us, that "it is really beautiful" Above it two old trees meet. "One," said a little boy who had come to pray, "is an elder tree, and it was from the elder the rods were cut with which our Lord was scourged; it has, besides, a part in His agony, because it was from an elder branch that Judas hanged himself. The other tree is an aspen. Its leaves never cease trembling, from the fear and sorrow that are in all its branches since Our Lord was crucified on the Cross — made of the wood of the aspen."

Two little girls had come alone, and, quietly and with reverent manner, had gone three times round the well, down the slippery path of stones that—through the streamlet—marked the way of the pilgrimage, and then up the green slope; then one child bathed the other's eyes carefully, and, carrying with them a pitcher of the clear water, they went their way. Led by "a neighbor's child," a little thing of three years, a blind man came next, full of humble fervor and perfectly satisfied, he said, that God will cure him in His own good time, or, leaving the darkness, leave it for the good of his soul. I found, in a long walk with the blind man, that the "darkness had worked a miracle already—patience and charity almost beyond belief had been gained by the man in three short years. Then came a mother who led by the hand her deformed child, afflicted with delicate eyes, for the cure of which the water of St. Patrick's Well is held in great repute, for—say the people—the saint obtained by his prayers that the eyes of the soul were opened for the Irish, and the waters he blessed are ever since good for the eyes of the body also.

I suppose no fewer than twenty pilgrims—men, women, and children—came and went that afternoon, all so earnest in their devotion, so trustful in the mercy of God, so gentle and courteous of manner, that the feeling came over one of rejoicing that there is yet no lack of the beautiful simplicity of faith that kept the Irish pure and true through their darkest hours—the faith that they fought for so often on the very plain of Singland.

In the time of the Danes this plain was the scene of a great battle between the latter and the Eugenian Prince O'Callachan, then King of Munster. The Eugenians and the Dalcassians were two of the great tribes of Munster, and both were descendants of the son of a king who reigned in this province in the third century. The Eugenian tribe descended from the eldest son, Eogan (Owen or Eugene); of this race the O'Callachans were a powerful clan. The Dalcassians were descended from the second son, Cormac Cas, and of the Dalcassians the O'Briens were a tribe. At the time of the Danish invasion the succession to the kingship of Munster was alternate between the Eugenians and the Dalcassians; but the former being the more powerful in numbers and in extent of territory, monopolized the provincial rule as far as they were able. (O'Curry's M. S. Materials, etc., p. 218). In the year 920 Callachan was elected king, and I copy the account of the meeting of the tribes at his election as a striking example of the peculiar love of picturesqde adjective so common in the Celtic tongue. It is from the Old Book of Lismore:

THE SEVENTEEN TRIBES.

"It was then arose the seventeen tribes (of the Eugenians) gracefully and readily to inaugurate Ceallachan. * * * The best of these nobles were the tall and graceful Sullivan, at the head of the festive race of Fingham; and the accomplished (in arms) Reardon, at the head of the brave clann Donnohalie; and the valiant Caeleighe; and the heroic champion Laindecan; and the brilliant Dainesch-aidh; and the brave Callis; and the lucky Ecertach; and the sound Ligan."

During this king's reign the Irish gained a brilliant victory over the Danes at Limerick, who came out of the city to meet him and his followers here on the plain of Singland. Callachan was victorious, completely routed the Danes and drove them back into the city, whence he and his warriors brought a great spoil to "Cashel of the Kings." According to old prophecies, Singland has not seen the last of its glory, for there is a tradition that here a great battle will be fought, when the final liberty of Ireland will be won.

I must not forget the bright emerald hill that reaches yet further eastward from the knoll on which the old castle stands, for this, forty or fifty years ago, looked down on the finest and best known racecourse in Ireland—a racecourse that attracted crowds from every quarter and to which the best horses in the country were brought from each province. That hill was the grand stand for the public of Limerick, and, as there is always a little of the rough element at such places, it was known as "Blackguard Hill," where that gentry kept order in their own way by administering a sound "crooshing" (pelting) of sods to all who transgressed the rules of 'Blackguard Hill" stand. All the old people who remember those days and the racecourse ballad, with its refrain—

"Ten to one, says I, the foremost horse will win it, O."

The foreground of this pretty scene is marked by the silvery line of the river, which divides the ancient town from the green banks by which the waters wind along towards Plassy Mills. Once the Shannon turned many a busy millwheel —at Corbally, Newtowpaperry, and many others. Now "free trade" has left them idle, all but one, and the farmers who grew the corn, the laborers who tilled the land, the comfortable millers and their men, the country people and the townsfolk who bought the corn and spent the money it made at home, are all gone to America, and are now the very men whose "free trade" is fast ruining the farmers of England.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

OUR IRISH CITIZENS.

[*Nashville American, June 2.*]

The Hibernian Benevolent Society, one of the best and most charitable organizations in the South, held an interesting meeting yesterday afternoon. President James Killelea in the chair. The affairs of the society were discussed and general social intercourse was had.

At 4 o'clock the standing committee on entertainment of the Parnell branch of the Irish National League of America, of which M. J. Martin is chairman, held a meeting and perfected further arrangements for the picnic to be given for the benefit of the Irish cause, on the 11th inst. Flattering reports were made from the members, all of whom are enthusiastic over the prospects of the coming outdoor festivities.

Confidence was expressed that not only would the Irish American citizens encourage the entertainment by their attendance, but that the people generally would take advantage of so promising an outing. It was suggested that all outdoor games would find full vent, and that the pleasure of all those present would be fully assured. A fine string band will be provided for the devotees of terpsichore. Beside this, a fine dinner will be served with lunches before and after it. Lemonade and ice cream will be sold throughout the day.

PERSONAL.

Miss Nellie Fitzgerald, a popular school teacher of Whitney, Mich., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Daniel Dennehy, in this city, preparatory to her departure for Europe. She will sail per steamship "Servia" from New York on the 14th inst. Miss Fitzgerald will be accompahied by her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Dennehy.

William O'Brien's Approaching Marriage

[*Waterford Citizen, May 28.*]

The fiancé of Mr. William O'Brien, Mlle. Sophie Raffalovich, is, we are told, a writer of ability, having published articles on political economy in the *Journal des Economistes*. She is the sister of Mr. Arthur Raffalovich, the editor of the *Journal des Debats*, and has a fortune of two million francs. We wonder what do the girls of Ireland think now of their "darling Willie?" In all the green isle he could not find a pretty colleen, one with a nice little sauleen, to hug to his manly bosom! Oh, no; nothing but a real Russian will satisfy him. "Oh, Willie, we have missed you: Willie, Willie dear!"

"Erin go Bragh."

From Mr. Charles de Kay's "Irish Kings and Brehons," an illustrated article in the June *Century*, we quote as follows: "War-cries, meant originally to keep the fighting men aware of the place of their own clan in battle, or when scattered in woods and hills, came down to the baronial period, and were used by the Anglo-Norman nobles out of consideration for their Gaelic retainers. The commonest shout was some name of famous place or famous man with the addition 'aboo,' a word well fitted for the clamor of a band of fighters, being at once more musical and less wearying to the voice than our 'hurrah.' The Kildare retainers cried 'Crom aboo!' in honor of Crom Castle, a citadel in Limerick county, originally a stronghold of the O'Donovans, which one of the intrusive Geraldine families, named after the town of Kildare, occupied while turning Irish. The O'Neills cried out, 'Lawv dareg aboo!' because the Lawv dareg or Red Hand was the badge of the family and clan. The O'Brien's cried, 'Lawv Laider!' or 'Laudir aboo!' or 'Strong Hand Aboo!' The translator of Geoffrey Keating's 'History of Ireland' suggests as the meaning of 'aboo' the Irish word 'booa,' victory; but analogy would point rather to 'boa' ('beotha') lively, awake, spirited; when 'aboo' would be an exclamation like the French 'alerte!' and 'vive!' A parallel in Irish is the well known 'Erin go bra!' 'Erin till judgment day!' where 'go bra,' forever, implies the same idea of living which the word 'beotha' actually contains, since the latter is the Keltic equivalent of Greek 'bios.' 'Yabu!' is the exclamation of Tartar horsemen when urging their steeds forward. While on this topic it may be interesting to note that this Irish word, or its Welsh equivalent 'yn byw,' corrupted to 'boo' and 'boh,' is found in our colloquial expression, 'He doesn't dare say boo to a goose'; in other words, he is too cowardly to sound his war cry in the presence of the most peaceful of creatures."

Convention of United Irish Societies.

The United Irish Societies of Chicago are requested to send three delegates each to a convention to be held in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner of Halsted and Adams streets, at 2 o'clock p. m. on Sunday, June 8, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for the fourteenth annual Irish National demonstration, to be held at Ogden Grove on the 15th of August, 1890.

DANIEL CORKERY, Pres't.
JAMES C. STRAIN, Sec'y.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

RASTER'S REVIEW.

The Famous German-American Litterateur Gives His Opinion in Regard to "Warpath and Bivouac."

Criticisms from New York, Dakota and Virginia Newspapers.

AN ARMY FROM ALL MILITARY COUNTRIES.

[*Illinois Staats Zeitung, May 7.*]

According to the latest report of the "Official Army Register," the standing army of the United States consists at present of a little over 2,000 officers and about 24,000 noncommissioned officers and privates, exclusive of cadets at West Point, army scouts and retired or reserve military, etc. As there is no expectation of war, and as, since the subordination of the larger Indian tribes, scrimmages of any moment, are becoming less frequent, the chances of military promotions, despite the large number of officialities, are small. The West Point cadet of today, providing no war occurs within the next ten years, may feel happy if after forty years military service he reaches the rank of major and as such is placed on the retired list.

Although the majority of the officers of this small army are native born, its composition as regards the noncommissioned officers and privates is more promiscuous than Wallenstein's army in the Thirty Years' War. And in this respect this small army is the most remarkable of all armies of the present day.

A true and interesting picture of this is given by John F. Finerty, of Chicago, who as correspondent participating in Indian battles under Crook and Miles became thoroughly acquainted with the American frontiers' military, which later he did not fail to keep track of, and about which he in his lately published and excellent book, "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux," relates all sorts of narratives worthy of repetition, although somewhat carnage tinted.

The many desertions, according to Finerty's observations, resulted chiefly from a feeling of extreme loneliness at the far remote forts. There are hardly any desertes at times of warlike undertakings. The terrible mechanical life at these forts weighs more heavily on the private than on the officer. Many of the officers, thanks to their liberal education, occupy their spare time in literature or other intellectual pursuits. Then again many of them are married and their wives, sisters or daughters constitute agreeable social circles. The ordinary soldiers, however, have no such pastime. Although they have access to libraries and reading rooms, still young men want other enjoyment. Play cards, they must not. Drinking leads to dissipation and this to arrest. In this, however, Finerty forgets the newly installed "canteens" at most of the military posts, at which a soldier may at a small price, purchase the enjoyment of a glass of beer or of wine. Drill and their other duties do not occupy their whole time.

The worst of all, according to Finerty, is that the large body of the people look down on the military as something inferior. Few natives born enter this ridiculously small, but still so necessary and easily convertible into a great, army; because the remuneration, although larger than that of any other army, is too little for them and they do not like to place themselves in positions of subordinacy. Therefore we must resort to such newly arrived but hardy emigrants or their sons, as fare but poorly in a worldly way. There are no braver soldiers than those of our present army. Whereas, however, we imitate the English system of obtaining recruits, therefore our army is divided into two distinct and separate classes. The officers despite our democratic republic, constitute an aristocracy. The soldier, however, although wearing a uniform enhanced by a hundred victories, is considered little better than a slave, if luckily he is not in general treated as such.

It is not the army discipline, nor labor; but the disrespect shown him by the public that depresses him. The more work he is given the better for him. Parades, instructions in military tactics, especially manoeuvres, constructing fortifications and field practice, etc., entertain and enliven him. Not a few of the best soldiers, known by Finerty, rendered, not unwillingly, menial services to their officers. In times of peace our officers can obtain a servant from among the civilians; but not so in times of war, for a civilian will not expose himself to the liability of being wounded or crippled, as the pension laws do not extend to him. Many of the soldiers apply the name "dog-robber" to such comrade as submits himself as "striker" or officer's servant; but in a rain of Indian bullets Finerty has seen such servants fight as bravely as their slanderers. And, in fact, old experienced veterans are the more ready to accept such positions. The soldier is given his rations in the field, the officer, however, must provide his own fare. Several times on Indian expeditions Finerty noticed such servants and other soldiers most hospitably offering coffee to their officers, who had none. On one of these expeditions, Finerty messed with a certain captain, whose servant complained that a new recruit had called him a "dog-robber." The officer told the complainant to give him a vigorous thrashing in case he did it again. To tell the verteran this twice was unnecessary. The captain then ordered them both to appear before him, and asked the recruit in how many battles he had participated, whereupon he could but answer "none." Then the captain questioned the servant regarding his battles, which he modestly enumerated. Then he said to the recruit, "Know you, that the brave soldier is always modest and willing to be serviceable. The next one who insults a brave, serviceable soldier, will be placed under arrest." All abuses of that kind ceased.

The majority of officers act humanely toward their soldiers. Finerty met among them but few ruffians, and these were in the main topers, who were soon discharged from the army. An officer who is prejudiced against his men is treated with disrespect by both his superiors and inferiors. A good many recruits, so Finerty continues, have their faults, especially those who come from or are born among the dregs of our large American cities. But under military discipline they become good soldiers. Such recruits as come from Ireland, Germany, Scandinavia and other European countries are more pliable than such as are native born. At the barracks Irishmen often act obstinately, but on the field of battle they distinguished themselves because of their zealousness, courage and vigor. The recruit from Germany is in consequence of his military experience in the old Fatherland more obedient in times of inaction than the others. On the field he has not that Celtic temperamental temperament; but his steadfastness in battle is unsurpassable. The Scandinavians are also excellent soldiers. Frenchman, Poles, etc., also show the bravery of their respective nations. Our composite army, consisting of all European nationalities together with Americans (white and colored) possesses all the warlike qualities for which the aforementioned nations are renowned.

The officers of our present army, asserts Mr. Finerty, are mostly well educated and of gallant, amiable temperament, and are possessed of brilliant martial capacities, bravery and remarkable endurance. But more of this at some other opportunity.—*Translated from the Staats Zeitung by G. Adler.*

NO BOOK GIVES MORE THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

[*Irish-American, N. Y.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac" is not only an extremely well-written and interesting book, but one the like of which can hardly be written any more. There cannot be any more books about the conquest of Indians; for the Indians are all conquered. There may be some outbreaks now and again on the western reservations, but anything like an Indian war, such as the book under notice treats of, seems a sheer impossibility in the future. The red man's star seems to have set for ever. * * * Some say that the Indians we have had to contend against in this country, were very different from those in the nations south of us—that they were naturally more warlike. This could hardly have been so, for the Spanish settlers in the south found the tribes with whom they came in contact as warlike as the Puritans found the tribes of New England. There is, however, no gainsaying that Mr. Finerty's graphic description of the last great Indian campaign shows that no white race that ever existed could have been more warlike than the Sioux, or could have made a braver fight for their liberty. No book ever written about Indians does their heroic qualities more justice than does the one under notice; and no book ever written—not even a novel—gives more thrilling experiences, recounts more hair-breadth escapes, or portrays more vividly the horrors and hardships of an Indian campaign. Its author, although a newspaper correspondent, was in reality a soldier; he had his choice either to go with the command as a volunteer, or not to go at all. Every one that went with it had to take his full share of all the hardships and dangers. No other newspaper correspondent went through such dangers and hardships as Mr. Finerty did. He can boast of having done what no other man of his profession did; the commonest private in the ranks went through no more danger than he did. His book is, therefore, the most interesting of any of the kind ever written. It contains over four hundred and fifty pages of closely printed matter, and is adorned by some two dozen portraits of the most prominent men of all ranks in that portion of our army that has taken part in Indian campaigns. The many graphic descriptions of the sublime scenery of the Far West the book contains, are hardly less interesting than the accounts of fights and forays. "Warpath and Bivouac" stands "head and shoulders" over any book of the kind ever written. That its sale will be great, there seems hardly a shadow of doubt; and if the public at large desire to read a book which must be the last of its kind, which is charming in style, and almost sensational in the adventures it relates, they should at once possess themselves of "Warpath and Bivouac."

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac, the Conquest of the Sioux, a narrative of stirring personal experiences and adventure in the Big Horn and Yellowstone expedition in 1876, and in the campaign in the British border, in 1879, by John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*."

This title to a volume of 460 pages, written in the swinging, easy-going style of a newspaper correspondent, and withal a veritable history of some of the most exciting events of the present maturing generation, is in itself attractive enough to secure readers by the thousands. To describe the narrative beyond what is expressed in the title would be to repeat the book itself. It is in reality a history of "The Conquest of the Sioux," an event which took many years of bloody strife to accomplish and an event which will never have to be repeated. The wildest romance cannot exceed the realities of some of the scenes and adventures which were incident to this last campaign of organized military strategy against the no less brave and persistent savagery of the Sioux. Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title.

The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

FULL OF MARTIAL INCIDENT.

[*Richmond, (Va.) Times.*]

Any American history by force of its newness possesses strength and power of interest in so much as it deals with people, days and dates that were our own. But in "Warpath and Bivouac" the history and facts of a country almost as new to us now as it was to Columbus and its depicted scenes are as fresh in the physical as well as mental eye of the portrayer as is the printer's ink in its recently cut pages. Its compilation is most undoubtedly from life pictures of the cruel war between the civil and hostile nations, and no energy but the true Chicagoan, and no pluck but the genuine American, could have induced an historian to ride like a trooper across the far western morass and prairie, live like a soldier, and, in fact, everything except "die like a soldier," smoke the pipe with Spotted Eagle, meet in council of war Sitting Bull, and dodge the tomahawk of Painted Face. All this did Mr. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, that his paper and this work should teem with the events of the bloody period. The work, as its name would indicate, is full of martial incident, heroism and daring. There is no lack of "heavy villians', in the very live plot, and romantic situations abound. The hated red man is more tolerable in book form than in human form, as his wilderness makes a certain picturesque setting always. The style of the author is as easy and modern as that from a newspaper pen could not escape being, yet his diction is graceful, very, and his descriptions pretty, though not tedious; for instance, "thickly as mushrooms grow in the summer nights on the herbage robbed sheep range rose cities innumerable," is both good and graphic. The warlike period embraced is between the years of 1876 and 1879, including a fine portrayal of the Custer massacre, as well as the other thrilling incidents of the time. The interest of the work is greatly recommended by its instructiveness.

Crook's Characteristics.

[*To the Editor.*]

FORT MAGINNIS, Mont., May 16.—You travelled with the late Gen. Crook and knew him. Every one had not the same experience, and the following testimony as to his worth, by one of his old soldiers, may be worth reading:

"In the winter campaigns against the Piutes in Nevada, Oregon and Caloforaia, away back in the 'Sixties, 'the Ould Man' as he was familiarly termed, shared the good and bad times alike with his men; and when his transportation was run off he tramped with the best of us, blanket strapped across his shoulder, and hard tack and bacon (raw) in his haversack. He never asked a man to do what (circumstances permitting) he would not do himself; and when the Indians had to be dislodged from the rocks in Steens' Mountains, he hunted his hole when necessary, but had to wait on the summit of the ridge for many of the blowhards. When his horse played out, he lay off on the side of the trail and jumped the first unloaded mule that came along, and when he got into camp no acre of canvas covering, portable stoves, and camp bedsteads were seen around headquarters; he gave a hand to fix his own dog-tent, and in the morning was the first ready to resume the march. As old J. S. would say of him, 'he was h—l on a beat' but would do anything for a good soldier; and an anomalous condition of things existed between himself and the Indians in their relations; they would like to have killed him as their antagonist, yet to preserve him as their friend, on account of his well tested integrity. Men of his stamp are scarce, and every soldier that ever fought with Crook regrets a comrade 'brave without rashness, strict, yet not severe.'"

OLD SOLDIER.

The June St Nicholas, 1890.

St. Nicholas for June has an exciting and instructive story, "With Stick and Thread," by L. Clark Davis, relating a boy-fisherman's triumph in capturing a "red drum" with rod and reel. No angler can read it without a desire to start at once for the fishing grounds. It is illustrated by M. J. Burns. Another striking story is "A Divided Duty," by M. A. Cassidy, telling of a little boy who had one brother in the Federal and one in the Confederate army. Being unwilling to decide against either, he compromises by having a parti colored suit, one side gray and one side blue.

"Hurdling" is described and analyzed by Herbert Mapes, intercollegiate champion, and the article is illustrated both from photographs and by H. A. Ogden. "Orie," by Florence A. Merriam, is a pretty story of a pet Baltimore oriole. It is illustrated by Nugent.

A novel feature is "A Living Chain from Adam to Abraham Lincoln," or a list of historic personages, each of whom has been seen by the next in order, since the beginning of the world.

There are poems by Celia Thaxter, Grace Denio Litchfield, Margaret Johnson, and Katharine Pyle; and numerous verses, ar jingles, by George M. Murphy, Valentine Adams, William Wye Smith, and Laura E. Richards.

The number is rich in continued articles: "Crowded Out o' Crofield" for the boys; "Lady Jane" and "Marjorie and her Papa" for older and younger girls; "Bat, Ball, and Diamond," the valuable baseball series, by Walter Camp; "Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa," by Stanley's officer, E. J. Glave, and "Through the Back Ages," the geological papers by Teresa C. Crofton.

Besides all these, nearly every one of which is strongly illustrated, there are the departments, and other features of great interest.

The Mandeville Memorial.

[*To the Editor.*]

The executive committee of the Mandeville Memorial Association desire to announce that they will close up the business of the association this week. Any outstanding contributions should be immediately remitted to the treasurer, John L. Quane, No. 304 Loomis street.

M. J. ENGLISH, Sec'y.

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LEADERS IN COUNCIL.

"Well boys," said Darby Kelly, as three men sat in the firelight of a semi deserted cabin on the banks of the Shannon, ostensibly with the intention of fishing, for some rods and lines and a fishing net were beside them, some nights after the burning of Grangemore mansion—indeed on the eve of the trial of the prisoner; "we didn't think we'd be called together so soon last time we met."

"No, nor for such a purpose," said the music-maker—this time occupied not in making music with his iron heel on the moss covered side of a tomb, but in a more congenial occupation of throwing bog timber on the burning turf.

"Av coorse not," said the former, as his deep set eyes glared into the coals; "who could have expected that? Its a strange world, but the strangest thing any wan ever heard of is to think that Kevin Moore kem back out of the say and the storm an' is on his thrial again."

"Ay," said Charley, holding a tin measure, containing whiskey, in his hands, "an' as innocent of what he's charged wid as the child unborn."

"He had no more to do wid it nor you an' I have Charley," said Darby Kelly. "Pas the dhrink round. My throat is as dry as a limekiln wid thinkin' ov it. It's little ov that kind ov thing he had in his head I'm thinkin'."

"He'll be found guilty for all that—take my word for it," said the music maker, re-seating himself at the fire, and like the others gazing gloomily into it.

"An 'll be hanged too—if there's nothin' to stop 'em," said Charley, in a dull, heavy way.

"Ay," said Darby Kelly, "as they've hung many a man afore. An' as they will many a one again. Much they care about it. What's to be done?"

This appeared to be a question—like many other questions—more easily asked than answered. So all present seemed to think, for there was no reply. The tin measure passed silently from one to another, but no one spoke.

"What's to be done?" the speaker asked again, as no response came "Bekaise if he is hanged in the wrong an' no finger lifted to save him, we might as well all quit the country at once."

"You're right there," said the music maker.

"Av coorse I am. If they hang him I'll hang more nor him. They're like tigers, one drop of blood only sets 'em thirstin' for more."

"True enough," said Charley, glaring more steadfastly into the fire, which blazing up, had now began to throw grotesque shadows on the whitewashed walls and thatched roof.

"The man that's turned out after this may look out for himself if anything takes place that's not right—no matter whether he did it or whether he didn't."

"So he may," assented Charley.

"Well, what's to be done?" inquired the musicmaker, sinking his voice to a whisper. "No matter what comes or goes there ought to be some effort make to save him. For, in saving him we're saving ourselves."

"That's so," assented Darby Kelly. "But what is to be done? No one can get into the jail."

"No, unless one was a bird."

"And the sojers 'll be around him when he comes out?"

"Ay, will they—by the score."

"Then, what's to be done?" inquired the speaker, with great discontent in his whispered questioning.

There was no response to this question either, for all were busy thinking, but without finding any likely way out of the difficulty, and it was not a time for volunteering idle suggestions.

"There would be no use in thryin' to rescue him as soon as he comes out of the jail—on the way to the courthouse?" suggested the musicmaker, more because he felt it necessary to keep the conversation open than for any practicability or feasibility his suggestion had.

"Not the least," said Darby Kelly. "They'd cut down the whole barony in twenty minutes wid their swords, or they'd shoot 'em down wid their firelocks."

"Ay," said Charley, "and supposin' a sudden attack did relaise him, how long would he be free? Where could he go to in the broad daylight? Where, that he wouldn't be rearrested and brought back in half an hour?"

"That's true," said Darby Kelly, with a huskiness in his voice that betokened a sinking at his heart. "But somethin' must be done. I declare to God I'd rather die myself than see him danglin from the gallows."

"God bless us!" said Charley as the vivid picture thus presented to his mind shocked him. "It won't—it mustn't—come to that."

"Then you'd better think what can to done to prevent id."

"I can't think ov anything," said the musicmaker despondingly. "We can't fight all the regiments in Athlone?"

"No, we can't," assented Darby Kelly.

"I haven't slept a wink this night thinking ov id," pursued the musicmaker. "If I do fall off for a short time it's thinking ov the gallows I am, and the form danglin' from id. A form swingin' and swayin' and shudderin', wid the white cloth over its face—like the time Farrell Kinsella was hung for what he had no hand act or part in—you all remimber that, and how—"

"For God's sake stop that," said Charley, with great earnestness. "I feel as if there was a rope around my own neck this minit. There's a cold shiver down my back as if a stream of ice water were running down it. Don't spake of hangin'—"

"Boys, look!" said Darby Kelly in tones so strange and significant, and so out of the usual tenor of the conversation, that all eyes were quickly turned on him. His gaze was fixed on the whitewashed wall, and thither all eyes followed his.

"The Cross of Christ be about us!" was the terrified expression of Charley. "What's that? What's the manin' ov that?"

A shudder passed through the group as they looked on the wall, and they grew closer around the fire. For plainly and unmistakably outlimned thereon, in rough shadow, thrown by some unseen barrier, that interposed between the wall and the blazing logs on the hearth, was the figure of—a man hanging! A man with slouched hat bent down over his eyes, with beard on the chin, as shown by the profile of the face. As it swayed and changed, lifted and fell, with the rising and falling of the fire-light, it did indeed seem to the astonished gazers—whose eyes were fascinated by the weird appearance—as if it swayed and moved with the muscular contractions of suffering!

"God save us! What is it?" whispered Darby Kelly in accents that seemed pregnant with horror.

"I don't know," said Charley, shudderingly. "Look! its changing——"

"It's going!—thanks be to God!" said Darby Kelly under his teeth, "its fading. It's gone!"

Whether it was a chance shadow thrown by the fire or not, it certainly was purposely dying out—vanishing—and when the speaker had ceased it had, indeed, become invisible. Beam and rope and swaying figure had disappeared, and there was no shadow nor picture on the whitewashed wall.

"That's an extraordinary thing, isn't it?" asked the musicmaker, who had remained spell-bound under its influence.

"Awful," assented the others, still fearing to speak aloud. "What was it?"

"It was a shadow the fire threw," said the musicmaker, anxious to relieve the gloom and the weird feeling by saying something cheerful.

"Maybe it was," said Darby Kelly doubtfully. "Did you see the face—and the nose? D'ye know any one it was like?"

"Don't talk any more about it," said Charley with a gruesome shiver. "Let it be. Is there any use in staying here longer?"

"I don't think there is," said the musicmaker, "I feel as if I were achokin'. Come away. We can talk freer outside?"

"So we can," assented Darby Kelly, "there's a cowld shiver over me—I don't know why. We oughtn't to stay here a minit more."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Charley, "Let us go and see Harry Canavan. He's very bad, but he'll be glad to see us, and he'll advise us what to do. Anyhow there's no good to be done stoppin' here; so come along. There's somethin' unlucky about this house. We shouldn't have come here at all. *Hanna mon dhoul!* Did ye hear that? There' some one dhrownin' in the Shannon outside!"

All started to their feet, the recent terror driven away, or rather added to, by the newer one. For borne in through the rickety door, or down the chimney, or in both ways together, came—all the more startlingly that they had been talking in nervous whispers—a cry that seemed pent up with agony and deadly fear! It rang on them, from the night and darkness outside, so laden, so pregnant with terror and desperation that none but one on the brink of sudden and unexpected and deadly peril could give utterance to!

"There's a woman dhrownin' in the river sure enough," said Darby Kelly, after listening for a second or two for a repetition of the cry. "Come on, boys, there's a life to be saved, and not a minit to be lost!"

All rushed to the door; but it had been firmly barred and locked on their entering, and in their haste now the lock refused to turn. In their feverish hurry even the bolts made of rough wood, that would under other circumstances have been easily removed by quiet hands, but got the more entangled in their nervous haste.

"What the dhoul's amiss with it?" said the musicmaker impatiently, "pull it down, boys, door and all! The joint is rotten, and one good pull 'll bring it down."

"That's the very thing," said Charley breathlessly. "Lay hould o' that bolt, both of you, and pull."

It would have been a stronger door than this one was to have resisted the vigorous, half-frantic arms that essayed to tear it down; and, accordingly, with one sudden effort of strength they tore it inwards—joint and door posts, bolts, locks, door and all!

"Now, boys," said Darby Kelly, preparing to leap across the fallen door and debris, "let's run; we may yet be in time—Good Providence!—who is this?"

The question was addressed to a figure that stood confronting them at the door, standing clearly enough against the darkness outside! A form with beard on the chin, shaved face, and a slouched hat bent down in the excitement, or for purpose of disguise, over his face.

The three men, cut short in their hurried intention, looked at one another with startled significance, as their eyes fell on the form confronting them.

"It's the steward," burst from all lips simultaneously.

"It is," said the figure, advancing a little towards them, which gave them opportunity to see how flustered and excited he was. "Did you hear a cry?"

"Ay did we!" cried all together. "What was it?"

"I don't know," said the steward, smoothing down his front and collar, which were torn and in disorder. "I heard it, and was running to see what it was when I heard the noise here."

"It's very strange," said the musicmaker; "where was it? Where did it come from? It must be some one drowning. For God's sake let us hurry. Where d'ye think it kem from?"

"I thought it came from here," said the steward. "I couldn't tell where else it could come from."

"Nonsense!" said the musicmaker; "it's from some life a-losin' in the river. Come on and see!"

"And without more ado he leaped the fallen door, followed by all the others, and hurried riverwards—tenants and steward for once in their lives making common cause.

But there was no sign of drowning person on the swift rushing Shannon stream. Nor was there cry to indicate that any living thing was struggling for life on its dark waters. They scattered and ran up and down its banks as swiftly as they could, considering the scrubby brushwood and tangle of rushes and flaggers that grew thereon. They called aloud to see if any response would come to their cries. But none came.

"There's no use in waiting longer," said Darby Kelly, after nearly an hour had been spent in fruitless search.

"I think not. God be merciful to her, whoever it was," said the musicmaker; "she'll not see the sun rise tomorrow. The Shannon won't give up its dead tonight."

"Have you—have you anything to drink?" asked the steward, who was shivering as in ague fit. "I'm cold and wet. I think I am ill."

"Have you," asked Darby Kelly, "anything left in the bottle, Charley?"

"I have," said Charley, examining the flask which he had hastily thrust into his breast when the grim shadow on the wall caught his frightened attention. Here it is."

If it had been of ambrosia Charley in his good nature would not have refused it to the shivering man beside him. If for nothing else, for the unexpected interest and humanity he had shown in his exertions to find out and give aid to the unknown creature drowning.

The steward took the flask. It was with difficulty—so wet and cold he was—that he could raise it to his lips or hold it with his trembling hands. But he managed to drink it for all that, and seemed the better for it.

"I'll meet you at the lime kiln at the cross-roads," said Charley, in a whisper to the musicmaker. Then aloud: "There's no use in remaining here longer. We can do no good. It's time to be going home."

There was a ready assent to this on all hands, and the party separated, Darby Kelly and the musicmaker going in one direction, Charley and the steward in another.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

NATIONAL CONVENTION

Of the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Hartford, Conn.

Reports and Election of Officers, Resolutions, Etc.

The biennial convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of America was held at Hartford, Conn., last month, beginning on the 13th and terminating on the 18th of May. The attendance was very large, and the opening exercises impressive.

On Wednesday, May 14, the convention reassembled with National Delegate Wilhere, in the chair. The Rev. J. J. Quinn, of Collinsville, was introduced, and he made an eloquent address. Standing committees were appointed on foreign relations, constitution, grievances, standing of the order, ritual, the press, insurance, auditing and military. A recess was taken until 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The afternoon session opened with the reading of National Delegate Wilhere's address. The reading occupied an hour and a half.

National Secretary McNelis' report, covering a period of two years, was then presented as follows:

Total number of members in the United States and Canada	168,053
Increase in last year	33,058
Increase in two years	58,058
Deaths, suspensions, expulsions and dropped	28,238
Number of members relieved	35,249
Total expenditures	$ 339,907.94
Total amount held by order	1,103,077.22
Value of property held	470,192 42
Value of cash and property	1,480,850.77

National Treasurer Patrick Hynes then read his report, and P. J. O'Connor reported for the Directors.

National Delegate Wilhere presented letters from Messrs. Parnell and Davitt.

PARNELL'S LETTER.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, April 10. —*M. F. Wilhere, Esq., National Delegate Ancient Order of Hibernians. Dear Sir:* I have much pleasure in receiving your letter of the 21 inst., informing me that the Biennial Convention of the A. O. H. of America will commence its session at Hartford, Conn., on the 13th of May. I have always much appreciated the practical and moral support afforded by the Ancient Order to our movement in America since its first inception in 1879, and it would be impossible for me to speak too highly of the patriotism and devotion towards Ireland which has been so constantly manifested by your body.

When we shall have attained for our people the great end of national self-government, we shall look upon the sympathy and exertion of your organization as having filled to a very large extent the ranks of the great army of American sympathizers, by whom so much has been done to enable us to win the victory.

The time is now very near when the last battle must be fought, and I have every confidence that I shall be able to rely upon the members of the Ancient Order to the same extent as in former years. I am very truly,

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

DAVITT'S LETTER.

LAND LEAGUE COTTAGE, BALLYBRACK, COUNTY DUBLIN, Ireland, April 23.—*The Hon. M. F. Wilhere. My Dear Sir:* I thank you for your letter, of the 21 inst., in which you kindly inform me of the coming national convention of the great organization of which you are the present official head.

Every organized body in America, directly or indirectly associated with our race, has a claim upon our gratitude here in Ireland for the constant and generous aid we have received from them during the severe struggle in which we have been engaged here during the last ten years. But the A. O. H. is pre-eminently entitled to our thanks for its munificent support of our cause and ever ready response to every appeal which we have made to the people of America from the formation of the Land League until the present day, and we are therefore doubly grateful to the members of that great body for their unwavering loyalty and assistance to the Old Land.

We are likewise proud of the work which the A. O. H. has accomplished among exiled Irishmen in the United States—the work of inculcating and practicing the great principles of friendship, charity and benevolence within the ranks of the organization which embraces so many of those of our people who have been driven penniless and helpless from their homes in this country. The fruits of that work are to be seen in the strength and influence which your body possesses in all parts of the United States and Canada at this present hour. I earnestly wish that the future progress of the A. O. H. may be greater than even in the past, and that its sphere of usefulness and of patriotic impulse may be widened and deepened by the deliberations of the coming convention.

Fraternally greeting yourself and fellow members, and praying that a spirit of harmony and of thorough unity will characterize your discussions and deliberations, I remain yours faithfully,

MICHAEL DAVITT.

At 7:30 in the evening the convention adjourned, to meet again at 9:30 Thursday morning.

Thursday's session was consumed in listening to reports and recommendations of the several committees, and acting thereon.

Thursday evening a banquet was given in honor of the delegates, at the Allyn House. John P. Murphy was toastmaster, and the following gentlemen were called upon to respond to the toasts proposed: John E. Scanlan, C. T. Driscol, M. F. Wilhere, P. J. O'Connor, John W. McGreevy, Mayor Dwight, the Rev. J. J. Quinn, J. J. Morrisey, M. D, J.W. Coogan, C O'Neil, J J. Splain, P. H. Harriman, Judge McManus, Mayor Crandall, of Norwich, and T. F. Kane, M. D.

Friday's session was occupied with the election of officers, and the following gentlemen were elected to serve for the next two years: National Delegate, M. F. Wilhere, Philadelphia; National Secretary, M. J. Slattery, Albany, N. Y.; National Treasurer, Thomas J. Dundon, Columbus, O. Directors: P. J. O'Connor, Savannah, Ga.; J. M. McGreevy, Logansport, Ind.; Thomas T. O'Brien, Ontario, Can.; Cornelius Hargan, Pittsburg, Pa., and John E. Tywell, Jackson, Mich.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this body, composed of American citizens of Irish blood, the largest and most representative organization of the Irish people in the world, have the greatest admiration for the free institutions of our country. That we are proud of the fact that in the work of making our country what she is, a beacon among the nations, Ireland's sons have borne a conspicuous part. That while we love the Old Land nor shall cease our efforts in her behalf until the green flag is as free as the stars and stripes, we are second to none in devotion to our great republic. That where the interests of our country are concerned we are Americans first, last and only.

Resolved, That as Hibernians the cause of Ireland is particularly dear to us. That to rescue the land of our birth or the birth of our fathers from the grasp of her murdering oppressor should have the best thought and effort of every true Hibernian. For seven centuries the English government has waged upon the people of Ireland a war of extermination, yet in spite of this the Irish people were never so strong, never so powerful as they are today. By persistence which has never been equalled they have at last convinced more than one half the people of England, as they had long before convinced the rest of the world, of the justice of their cause. That we recognize the changed condition of affairs and on behalf of our order accept in good faith the olive branch held out to the people of Ireland by Gladstone and the great Liberal party. That we heartily endorse the policy pursued by Parnell and the Irish party and pledge them and the people at home, in the future as in the past, such moral and material assistance as will enable them to continue the struggle they are engagrd in until Ireland takes her proper place among the nations of the earth.

Resolved, That the brutal and inhuman treatment of Irish political prisoners confined in English jails, where they are tortured in mind and body, and subjected to treatment which throws the horrors of Siberia in the shade, meets with the condemnation of this convention, and should bring upon those responsible for these acts the contempt and loathing of every lover of justice.

Resolved, That the following cablegram be sent to Parnell, Davitt and Gladstone: "The Ancient Order of Hibernians of America, now in session in the city of Hartford, Conn., bid you and your noble compatriots God speed in your efforts to secure a sufficient measure of home rule for Ireland, and pledge moral and material assistance until success crowns your labors."

WHEREAS, In accordance with the vote of the last national convention, instructing our national officers to open negotiations with our dissenting brothers for the purpose of bringing them back to the true fold, and

WHEREAS, The report of our national officers show that while they have done everything that could be done, their efforts have been ineffectual.

Resolved, Therefore, that we deeply regret the failure of our dissenting brothers to meet the officers of this organization and settle the differences between them. That actuated by the motto of our noble order, we stand ready at any time to meet them in a spirit of fairness to the end that friendship and unity may characterize the children of Ireland.

Resolved, That we are indebted to his Grace Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, for the interest manifested in the welfare of our order. That we are especially thankful to Monsignor Farley in kindly agreeing to act as arbitrator between us and our dissenting brothers.

Resolved, That we are deeply sensible to the many blessings that flow from our connection with Holy Mother Church, and that it is our earnest desire that the closest relations shall always exist between the church and our Ancient Order. That we are grateful to the Right Rev. Bishop and the clergy of the diocese of Hartford for the honor shown and kind words spoken to us, and return to them from the bottom of our Irish Catholic hearts our warmest thanks.

Resolved, That we are indebted to the press of Hartford for its generous welcome for many courtesies and its friendly tond during our stay, and for the manner in which it has published the proceedings of this convention we thank it on behalf of our ancient order.

Resolved, That we are deeply grateful to our Connecticut brothers for the manner in which we have been entertained during our stay in Hartford; our brothers have proved themselves broteers in fact as well as brothers in name, and have left nothing undone to make our visit a pleasant one. That we owe the citizens of Hartford a debt of gratitude which we can never repay. That the memory of sojourn in this beautiful city will be treasured up in our hearts until for us time shall cease to be.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take to Himself Harry O'Connor, State Secretary of Pennsylvania, and Martin J. O'Brien, State Secretary of West Virginia, be it

Resolved, That we extend to the families of our deceased brothers our heartfelt sympathy in their deep affliction. That the names and manly characters of our deceased brothers shall always be held in grateful remembrance by the Hibernians of America.

On Friday afternoon the convention adjourned to meet at New Orleans, La., on the second Tuesday in May, 1892.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Boils, carbuncles, and eruptions of all kinds are nature's efforts to throw off poison from the blood. This result may be accomplished much more effectually, as well as agreeably, through the proper excretory channels, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Some of the herbs in Hall's Hair Renewer, that wonderful preparation for restoring the color and thickening the growth of the hair, grow plentifully in New England.

GAELIC POETRY.

Gougane Barra.

Le 'n Ciaruidheach,

TO THE EDITOR:—A few evenings ago a party met at the house of Mr. P. O'Brien, No. 2100 State street, for mutual improvement in Irish conversation. Mr. Thomas Byrne, of Beara (Bearhaven), county Cork, the best Irish speaker of the number, is a relative of our dear departed Callanan, author of the following beautiful poem, and requested its publication in THE CITIZEN. All present were county Cork men except your correspondent. M. CREAN.

Tá oileán glas aonar a luib Ghuagáin Bharra,
Mar 'd-teigheann Alluadh na laoitheadh mar shaighead chum na mara:
An-Deasmumhain na n-dubh-ghleann ó chuas a's ó chlocha
'Siomdha caise faoi chuilóid theidheann sios chum an locha.
Ta'n fhuinseog 's an t-saileach ann, lúbtha le bliadhanta,
Ag glinniughadh go gruama air an uisg ain-shrianta;
Air tós leiubh óig gan aon bheann air a g-caineadh,
A ghátreann le fonnomhad le gáire na maidne,
Agus a crios cnoc n-dubh, iad d-fheicsin ag lasidh,
An tan leathann an stoirm a brat air na sleasa;
A bh-fachrom na tóirnighe 's géithid na h-uisgedhe air an bh-fatha,
Mar chine na g-noc air chaismirt an chatha:
Na tonntacha teine nach creireach mar fheuchaid
Na fiolair ó'n Mullach nach fiochmhar a sgreuch aid
Air chnoc no air chaladh d'fhile no d'aon fhear
Ni 'l comhnuidhe is cuibhe 'na 'n oileánín aonar.
Is minic 's an ghrian ghéal 'na luidhe air Shliabh Chláraigh
'S an fraoch air a lasadh air mhaollinn Ibh-ráthaigh;
A thriallas, a chluain dheis, ó'm thigh eois na taoide,
Chum fásaigh do bheann, d'fhág gall dhroch aoide,
'S do smuaineas gur bh'éigin do laoch, saoi 'gus file
Dul faoi chotmire na cloiche no 'n asair na coille;
O dhaoirse 's ó dhíoghaltas a leag iad na slaoda,
Chum a n-dán dúbhach deigheanach do spreagadh air a d-téuda.
'Chlann chlúthach na cruite! nár bh'árd é mo smuaineadh,
Ag gabhail thrid an bh-fásach bhí dásach gan daoine
Gidh gur feárr iad na filidhe tá 'g Eirinn le cómhaireamh
Is mé 'mi-áin a dhúsgas a cluin-chruit le 'm thoireamh,
As d'arduigh arís air fad maollinn a's caladh,
Na duanta chuir miosheim ó chuimhne 'n mhic-alla,
Ag cnuasughadh gach liath-laoidh bhí g leacadh 's ag liathadh
Ag fuascht 's ag fliche d'a g-creimeadh na d-treithe.
An té is taire de'n treibh dá luaidhte liom teanga,
Le sciathán bhur spioraide no sigh-cheol bhur sreanga:
Bhur micheart 's bhur misfhortan dom' cheangal le Eire,
'S bhur g-cota cecil creasa mar lasair na spéire:—
Bheidheadh fós anns a 'tír so an t-saoirse bhí ceana,
'S do chloisfidhe a gáir do dhruim cnoic 's gleana,
Bheidheadh reultan an tarthair mar ghhile na g-réine,
A's tír bhocht an dubharchais d'a luadh ag gach aon nea'.
Imtheochad sa léin, acht beidh m'aimn-se luaidhte
Tar éis múgailt 'na h-Eireann a's soireacht, a sluaighte;
A's caoi'ar Bárd éigin air thuitim na h-oidhche,
A's solus na saoirse 'chur anam' 'na laoithe,
Cromfaidh sé air m'uaigh-sa a g-ceill ghiais gan fochna,
Tre n-a ageitheann an Abh-bhuidhe 'dul ag pogadh na bochna,
A's fighidh sé bláth-fhleasg ó bhruachaibh na tuile
Do'n chroidh a's do'n chruit ta gan dúsacht a d-tuile.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 9:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galigan, pastor. Residence 125 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2994 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. L. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cushman, pastor. Residence 668 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Aroner ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2923 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 35th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 3543 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Hepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 295 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 235 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clarkst.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 864 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mctregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 498 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Easing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 924 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 168 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2264 Scofield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Baths, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 881 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 299 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W. Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1406 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—324 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 197 DeKoven st.

St. Josephat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 228 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

GARFIELD MEMORIAL.

Dedicated with Knightly Honors at Cleveland.

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE PRESENT.

A Great Parade, Headed by Garfield's Old Regiment, One of the Main Features of the Day—The Veterans Greeted with Enthusiastic Cheers All Along the Line of March—Impressive Ceremonies at the Cemetery.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May 30.—In the presence of a vast multitude and with all the pomp and ceremony, but albeit solemnity befitting the occasion the memorial erected by the contributions of a grateful country to the honor of James Abram Garfield, canal boat boy, school teacher, soldier, statesman and president, was formally dedicated Friday. Upon the platform the nation itself, in the person of its chief magistrate and three of his constitutional advisers lent recognition

THE GARFIELD MONUMENT.

and countenance to the event, while over all and as a pathetic side to the picture, the widow and children of him whom all had met to honor, looked down upon the scene with mingled feelings of pride and sadness. Business in the city was entirely suspended, and it seemed as though two-thirds of the quarter million inhabitants of the city had turned out en masse to fraternize with the 50,000 or more visitors from outside points who, according to the best estimates had arrived within the past twenty-four hours.

Formation of the Procession.

Meanwhile the various divisions of the parade had begun to form on the streets runing east of Euclid avenue and west from Erie. The crowds good-naturedly gave way for the various companies and their ranks were filled in with commendable celerity. Just as the hands of the big clock at Ontario street was pointing to noon Chief Marshal Gen. James Barrett gave the word for the head of the column to move from Erie. A trumpet blast, and on the moment 100 veterans, ten abreast, wheeled around the corner and up the avenue. Some were in Grand Army uniform and some in civilian attire. At their head they carried two torn, tattered and faded battle flags, one of which had been shot through and through until scarcely an entire piece the size of a child's hand remained. The thousands on the streets, windows and roofs caught sight of the veterans and a yell went up that never ceased until two hours later.

Garfield's Old Regiment.

The head of the column, foot-sore and weary passed through the arch at the entrance to the cemetery. The throng did not need the inscription on the strip of canvas that was carried between ranks: "Remnant of the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers, Col. Garfield's, 1861-1890," to tell who the veterans were. They were nearly all that remained of the gallant men who had followe the lead of their then colonel—afterward president—over the bloody fields of Middlecreek, Cumberland Gap, Vicksburg, Champion Hills, Thompson Hills, and Chickasaw Bayou, and who had borne the flags which they so proudly carried at their head through many a hand-to-hand conflict. Friday their march was one continued ovation. Men and women vied with each other in testing the strength of their lungs while in addition many of the fairer sex, as block after block was passed, tore the flowers from their corsage and rained them down upon the heads of the little company.

The James A. Garfield Post.

Immediately behind them came the veterans of the Grand Army and many of whom had fought under Garfield at Chickamauga after his title of colonel had given way to that of general. Not a man was missing of the James A. Garfield post from the old home at Mentor and these two, as they carried a life-like picture of their patron saint between the battle flags, came in for a large share of enthusiasm. No posts from outside states figured in this division, but in that of the Union veterans which was next behind, there were good sized contingents from Pittsburg and McKeesport. The Sons of Veterans brought up the rear of the first division proper.

President Harrison's Escort.

Governor Campbell and staff, mounted on magnificent specimens of horse flesh appeared in the second division, which was devoted to the National guard. At their head places of honor had been assigned to the Sheridan sabers of Pittsburg, the Washington infantry of the same city, the Jackson rifles of Jackson, Mich., and the Third regiment of the West Virginia national guard. There was a break between this and the fourth divisions, but when the First Cleveland troop, with a detachment of sailors and marines from the United States steamer Michigan, came into view the cheering was renewed with a will. This was the special escort to the president and distinguished guests. President Harrison, with Vice President Morton, occupied the first carriage, drawn by four horses, while in the following vehicles were ex-President Hayes, Chief Justice Fuller, Secretaries Rusk and Miller, Postmaster General Wanamaker, Gen. J. B. Cox, the orator of the day, Gens. Schofield and Sherman, Secretary Windom, ex-Postmaster General James, ex-Governor Fairchild, of Wisconsin, ex-Attorney General Wayne McVeagh, Representative McKinley and ex-Representative Townsend, ex-Governor Foster, Architect George H. Kelly, and a large number of other distinguished guests.

It was 2 o'clock when the head of the column had passed under the decorated arch at the cemetery, and twenty minutes later before the president and party reached the grand stand. Fully 30,000 people had already gathered around the memorial, although the parade was still in progress, while those who had been viewing it from the thoroughfares, poured in like an unresistless torrent. Little time was lost in seating the visitors. Mrs. Garfield, who had given a reception to the president early in the day, drove over to the cemetery in advance of the procession, and, with her daughter, Mollie Garfield Brown, J. Stanley Brown, her son in-law; Harry Garfield and J. A. Garfield, Jr., were seated immediately behind the orator of the day, with the president on the right of the chair, Vice President Morton on the left, with the members of the cabinet supporting them on either side.

The Opening Exercises.

The singing of "America" by a choir of 500 voices prefaced the excercises; and after ex-President Hayes had succeeded in securing attention from the multitude which, considering its size, was remarkably quiet and well ordered, he made a few brief remarks as president of the Memorial association. Prayer was offered by Rt. Rev. Bishop W. A. Leonard, of the Episcopal church, and then the presentation of Hon. Jacob D. Cox, of Cincinnati, the orator of the day, was greeted with cheers loud and long continued. The oration was repeatedly punctured with applause and at its conclusion Gen. Cox was called again and again to the front of the stand. The Hallelujah chorus was rendered by the choir, the audience joining. Ex-President Hayes then presented Gen. Harrison to the assemblage, and another hearty welcome was given him.

The President and Other Speakers.

The chief executive made a few brief remarks and Vice President Morton, the members and ex-members of the cabinet, Gens. Schofield and Sherman and Governor Campbell were introduced in turn. For each one the throng had a hearty welcome. Again the voices of the choir fell softly upon the beautiful city of the dead, this time with Meitzke's beautiful hymn, "O Weep For the Brave." As the last notes died upon the air the officers of the grand commandery mounted to the four corners of the upper balcony of the monument, and as many buglers blew a ringing blast to the north, south, east and west, every head was bared and many bowed when Sir Knight L. F. Van Cleve, from his position at the entrance to the memorial chamber, delivered a fervent invocation.

The Dedication.

As his voice died away, the hymn: "It Is the the Lord's Own Day," set to a sad, mournful strain, was sung by the Temple quartette. Grand Commander Sir Knight Henry Perkins then announced that in pursuance of the duty assigned by the grand commandery they had assembled to dedicate the memorial with knightly honors.

Turning to the Sir Knight in the East he asked: "Is it well in the East?" The knight replied:

"The sunbeams from the Eastern sky
Flash from these blocks exalted high,
And on their polished fronts proclaim
Our worthy brother's widespread fame."

Grand commander: "Sir Knight, is it well in the West?" The sir knight replied:

"The chastened sun adewd the West
Speaks the same voice and sinks to rest.
No sad defe-t, No flaw to shame,
Our worthy brother's lofty fame."

Grand commander: "Sir Knight, is it well in the South?" The sir knight replied:

"Glowing beneath the fervid noon,
This granite dares the Southern sun;
Yet tells that wall of fervid flame,
Our worthy brother's honest fame."

Grand commander: "Sir Knight, is it well in the North?" The sir knight replied:

"Perfect in line, exact in square,
The works of all our craftsmen are;
They will to coming time proclaim
Our brother's worth, well-earned fame."

End of the Ceremonies.

Proclamation was then made by Grand Generalissimo Sir Huntingdon Brown that the memorial of their illuserious frater Sir Knight James Abram Garfield had been dedicated to the uses designed, and proclamation was made by the trumpters to the four points of the compass while "The Flag Without a Stain" was rendered. The knights having retired the doxology was sung by the memorial chorus and audience; and with the pronouncing of the benediction by Rev. T. D. Powers, D.D., the exercises and the event of the day were brought to a fitting conclusion. The presidential party were at once driven back to the city and left for Washington.

ON GETTYSBURG FIELD.

Members of the Senate and House Attend the Services.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., May 30.—Decoration Day was clear and beautiful. Special trains on all the railroads commenced pouring in visitors at 10 o'clock from Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, New York and other cities, and by 1 o'clock the streets were lined with a pushing crowd of humanity. The congressional train bearing the members of the senate and house arrived at 12:45 and then pulled rapidly out to the railroad cut at the first day's field. Here the statesmen left the cars and Edward McPherson, clerk of the national house, welcomed them in behalf of the Battlefield Memorial association, of which he is a director. Col. Batcheler, government historian of the battle, then took charge of the party and explained in terse and graphic language the battle of the first day, the death of Reynolds and the retreat of the First and Eleventh corps throughout the town.

The "Valley of Death."

From here the train returned to the Round Top branch and passed along the very center of the battlefield to Little Round Top where the "Valley of Death" skirts the hill at this point. Col. Batcheler detailed the engagement along the federal left, Longstreet's assault; the awful carnage of the wheat field and the death of Farnsworth. Again returning to the cars the return was made to Hancock station where, after describing the charge of Pickett and the wounding of the Second corps commander on the third day, the party took carriages prepared for them and drove through the soldiers' national cemetery and over Culp's hill to the Baltimore pike and thence to the town. While members of congress were wandering over the battlefield the regular Decoration Day exercises in the National cemetery took place.

Ceremonies at the Graves.

The procession consisting of two divisions of G. A. R. posts, Patriotic Order Sons of America, Loyal Legion Military company, Gettysburg fire department and citizens marched to the cemetery. At the graves the exercises were ceremonies of the Grand Army of the Republic, strewing of flowers, music by a select choir, "Decoration" and "Let Them Rest. When the line reached the rostrum at the south end of the grounds Hon. Edward McPherson acted as master of ceremonies, and the prayer was made by Rev. Mr. Keith, of Lucerne county. There was music by the choir, "Dropping from the Ranks," an oration by Senator Ingalls; music, "Oh Starry Flag," and benediction by Rev. Mr. Hay, D.D., of Gettysburg. The congressional delegation rested at the Blue Mountain house at night, and left for Washington Saturday.

THE DAY ELSEWHERE.

Impressive Ceremonies at Arlington and Gen. Logan's Tomb.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 30.—Decoration Day observances at the national capital, were more imposing than usual. From early morning until far into the day all the roads and avenues leading to the "Cities of the dead" were crowded with people. The various Grand Army of the Republic posts, the Sons of Veterans, the Union veteran corps, and the Old Guard, met in line in the city early in the day, and with martial music, banners flying, and a retinue of people overloaded with flowers, paraded the streets and proceeded to Arlington, the great National cemetery, lying just across the Potomac. The ceremonies there were simple but impressive. After listening to an oration that breathed a spirit of patriotism and fraternity, by Congressman Boutelle, of Maine, the vast concourse spread flowers upon the thousands of graves that decked the green sward, regardless whether the sleeper, in life, wore the blue or the grey. Gen. Sheridan's grave here was not forgotten, and handsome floral pieces were placed in profusion about his tomb.

At Gen. Logan's Tomb.

Similar ceremonies took place at the Congressional cemetery, where a great crowd of people early in the day listened to an eloquent oration by Congressman Mason, of Illinois. At the soldiers' home, Representative Morse delivered the oration. The tomb of Gen. Logan at the cemetery here was the scene of special services. The Gen. John A. Logan camp, Sons of Veterans, the Logan Invincibles, of Baltimore, and the Logan guard, with a great crowd of people, listened to an impressive address delivered by S. T. Cameron, at the general's tomb. The floral tributes were profuse. Mrs. Logan was present to see and appreciate the evidences of affection and regard for the dead hero. The G. A. R. did not forget their comrades who lie buried at the front, and appropriate prayers were held at Prospect Hill cemetery and at Culpeper National cemetery.

At Gen. Grant's Tomb.

NEW YORK, May 30.—The services at Gen. Grant's tomb, Riverside park, under the auspices of U. S. Grant post were attended by Governor Hill and Chief Commander Alger. The United States steamers Pensacola, Essex and Yantic were anchored in the Hudson and fired minute guns during the exercises. The floral tributes were extremely handsome. They consisted of a wreath of roses and lilies from the executive mansion, a basket of red and white roses from the Confederate camp of New York city, and offerings from the Loyal Legion, the Gen. Meade post of Philadelphia and many local posts. The oration was delivered by Gen. Alger and at the close of the services the warships on the Hudson fired a national salute of twenty-one guns.

At Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, May 30.—Memorial Day was clear and warm in this vicinity. The twelve grand army posts were prompt in assembling at Garfield place, where they formed beneath the statue of the murdered president. A cordon of police acted as escort, and the procession marched to the Central Union passenger station, where a special train was in waiting to carry the veterans to Chester park. On arriving there they formed in the same relative order as that preserved in marching through the city and proceeded to Spring Grove cemetery, where hundreds of people had preceded them. The various mounds were visited and services held at each one.

At Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 30.—Decoration Day was observed as a close holiday. About 10,000 men composed of militia and the Grand Army posts marched through the principal streets and were reviewed by Gov. Hill. Gov. Abbett, of N. J., and Mayor Chapin, were also on the reviewing stand. Along the line of march the buildings were beautifully decorated. The governor took breakfast at the residence of Mayor Chapin and was then driven to the residence of Moses May where he held a reception and shook hands with a large number of citizens.

The Day at Chicago.

CHICAGO, May 30.—Decoration Day was observed in this city in the usual custom. Imposing ceremonies in memory of the brave defenders of the nation were held in the various cemeteries. The graves of the heroes were decorated with flowers by their old comrades and friends. Special services were held at the Lincoln monument at Lincoln park. A great parade of veterans through the streets of the city followed in the afternoon.

At St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, May 30.—Memorial Day was observed in the customary way in this city. The weather was clear and hot. The members of the various Grand Army posts after parading the principal streets of the city embarked in boats for Jefferson barracks, where they decorated the graves of the 16,000 Union soldiers who lie buried there.

Bold Daylight Robbery.

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 2.—At 10:30 a. m. as Mrs. Mary Casserly was walking on Fourth street a young man snatched her hand bag containing $605, and darted into an alley. Officers soon started in pursuit. The fugitive becoming winded halted on the bridge, fired on the officers who returned shots, none of which took effect. The thief ran into an old storehouse where he was finally arrested. The prisoner's name is James Dugan and he comes here from Spokane Falls. The money was all recovered except $100.

Booth-Tucker in America.

NEW YORK, June 2.—Among the passengers who reached this city by the steamer Normannia was Booth-Tucker, a son-in-law of Gen. Booth, the leader of the Salvationists of the world. He will remain in America about three weeks and in that time will address as many meetings as possible.

At Curry & O'Brien's rock quarry near Castle Rock, Colo., Saturday, John Anderson, B. Quist and E. L. Edenberg were killed by a cave-in.

THOUSANDS IN A PANIC.

The Texas Spring Palace at Fort Worth Destroyed

DURING THE PROGRESS OF A BALL.

A Number of People Jump from the Windows of the Upper Floors and Are Badly Injured—The List of Victims—A Passenger Train Goes Through a Drawbridge at Oakland, Cala.—Frightful Loss of Life—Other Disasters.

FORT WORTH, Tex., June 2.—The magnificent Texas Spring palace is in ashes. At 10:30 at night, just as the chairs were being moved from in front of the grand music stand to make room for 500 dancers, R. R. Sellers noticed a flash of flame spring up in front of two children seated on the floor in the second gallery under the eastern dome. He gave the alarm and tried to extinguish the flames, being joined in a few seconds by the ten firemen on duty in the building and 100 or more visitors. A panic seized the 7,000 or 8,000 people in the building, and in an instant the wildest confusion ensued. Hundreds of men, however, kept their heads and the policemen behaved like heroes and the crowds were got out of the building with comparatively little injury to limbs and small loss of life. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the policemen and the citizens, who constituted themselves a guard of safety, a number of ladies and men jumped from the upper floor and in nearly every case were badly hurt.

The Dead and Injured.

Al Haynes, chief hydraulic engineer of the Ft. Worth and Denver, while working heroically to get a number of ladies out of the fire's way was badly burned and died at 11:30. The injured are as follows: James C. Davis, Fort Worth, badly burned; Judge L. N. Cooper, of Fort Worth, broke both legs above the knee; Miss Volney Halle, of Marshall, broke her right leg above the knee; George Settler, connected with the Fort Worth and Denver, is badly burned; Mrs. Dr. W. A. Adams injured her spine; Mrs. Kate Spencer, broke her left arm and is quite badly burned; Miss Leah Couts, of Weatherford, broke her right arm in two places; Mrs. Lizzie Grant, of Weatherford, is injured internally; C. W. Evarts, of New Orleans, is fatally injured internally; Mrs. Hecker, of Elgin Ills., is badly hurt; Mrs. W. E. Kennedy, of New Orleans, badly hurt; E. H. Fudge, of Chicago, jumped from the third story and broke both legs, an arm, and is injured internally; W. R. Cruce, of New Orleans, is fatally injured; Bissell Wilson, of St. Louis, a railroad hand, had a leg broken and received internal injuries, which will probably result in death. A little girl, 6 years old, was thrown from a window in the second story and killed.

Russell Harrison's Coolness.

Within fifteen minutes of the breaking out of the fire 20,000 people were on the scene. Men and women rushed frantically from crowd to crowd looking for loved ones, in many cases shrieking and crying. Many ladies fainted and were trampled upon by the multitude. The loss will reach $250,000 with a merely nominal insurance. The name of Russell Harrison is on every lip in words of praise. He was viewing the palace when the fire broke out. When the panic came he threw himself in front of the main exit from the second story and called to the people to move carefully, then pushed and directed the crowd until the people moved down the stairway like an army of soldiers.

THIRTEEN PERSONS DROWNED.

Frightful Drawbridge Accident at Oakland, Cala.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 2.—One of the most horrible railway accidents ever known in California occurred at 1:40 o'clock in the afternoon, when the local train connecting at Oakland with the ferryboats from San Francisco ran through an open drawbridge over Oakland creek at Webster street, Oakland. The yacht Juanita had just passed through the draw when the train appeared, going in the direction of Alameda. The drawbridge keeper endeavored at once to close the bridge, but it was too late, and the engine with the tender and the first car, which was filled with passengers, plunged into the creek, which was here quite deep Engineer Sam Dunn, the Fireman O'Brien went down with the engine, but were rescued. The former, when he saw that the bridge did not close, reversed the lever, but the momentum of the engine was too great to allow him to stop the train in time. The weight of the engine and the first car broke the couplings and left the other two cars of the train standing on the track. The second car ran about a third of the way across the bridge and stopped, but the jar was sufficient to break open the front of the car, and many of the passengers were thrown into the water.

A List of the Victims.

The trainmen and the rest of the passengers set to work to help the rescuers, and when the wrecking train arrived from Oakland the car was drawn into shallow water and small boats began dragging the creek for the bodies of the victims. All the bodies recovered were identified at midnight. It is believed that no more lives were lost but parties are still at the wreck searching the bed of the creek. The coarect list of the victims is as follows: Capt. T. Dwyer, of Sacramento; F. R. Irwin, of Oakland; H. S. Austin, of San Francisco; Florence Austin, of San Francisco; Katie Kearns, of San Francisco; Nellie Kearns, of San Francisco; H. S. Auld, of Honolulu; Matthias Williams, of San Francisco; E. R. Robinson, of San Francisco; Miss Bryan O'Connor, of San Francisco; Martin S. Kelly, of San Francisco; Luigi Maletests, and his son Allillio, of San Francisco.

One Way to Make Money.

NEW YORK, June 2.—One trustee of the sugar trust (a millionaire), who sold out 25,000 shares of sugar trust stock above 90, when everybody wanted to buy, bought the same stock back under 80, Thursday when everybody wanted to sell.

The Running Record Broken.

NEW YORK, June 2.—At the New Jersey Athletic club grounds Willie Day ran three miles in 14 minutes 39 seconds, breaking the record of 15 minutes 8 seconds for that distance, which record young Day also held.

Four Feet of Hail.

HENDERSON, Minn., June 2.—A terrific hail storm occurred in the Red River valley at 6 p. m. The hail lies four feet deep in places and the trees are stripped of foliage. Considerable damage was done to crops and windows.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Hop vines in Puyallup, Wash., recently grew thirteen inches in fourteen hours.

The total number of marriages upon Friday in England is only 2 per cent. of the whole number, showing the extent of superstition in regard to the day.

Black ice cream is a new fad. It is colored by the addition of charcoal and the juice of Turkish prunes.

Boston has a clergyman, Rev. Pitt Dillingham, who is only now recovering after a year and a half's suffering from the effects of vaccination.

A German steamer will start from Hamburg on a voyage around the world this month. It has curiosities, side shows, refreshments, etc., and will stop at all the principal ports in its two years' journey.

Charles Dudley Warner says that the difference between the "faith cure" and the "mind cure" is that "the mind cure" doesn't require any faith, and the faith cure doesn't require any mind."

John Harry, a farmer living near Petersburg, Pa., died from hydrophobia after two days' illness. He was bitten by a dog about two months ago.

At Hook's Ferry, near Paris, Tex., Sunday Tom Brown a noted negro desperado, was assassinated from ambush by unknown parties, three Winchester bullets piercing his body.

Capt. Pyeshkoff has completed his 6,000 miles ride on one horse, from eastern Siberia to St. Petersburg. The equine is a little, shaggy pony.

George F. Dudley, the second son of Col. W. W. Dudley, is one of the seven students in the theological class of Bishop Paret, of Baltimore.

An unknown man was detected robbing a sleeper at St. Louis Sunday. Officers gave chase and fired several shots. After climbing a fence he fell dead.

At a negro festival at the church at Higginsville, Mo., Saturday night Buck Fields was shot and killed by John Cooper.

Thomas G. Jones received the Democratic nomination for governor of Alabama.

John C. File, of Philadelphia, used money of his firm, the Luthern Orphans' home and several German societies of which he was treasurer, $80,000 in all.

The bey of Tunis has ordered that every negro domestic in his dominions must be given a certificate of freedom.

De Lesseps is seriously ill, and is believed to be failing.

John Tarr, a Westmoreland county, Pa., farmer, recently found himself the possessor of a six legged colt, the extra legs extending from the front knees.

Two cows were instantly killed by an electric shock during the storm Sunday afternoon in Somerset county, Pa. They were lying alongside of a barbwire fence that had been charged by lightning.

Church Struck by Lightning.

LEXINGTON, Ky., June 2.—Lightning struck St. Peter's Roman Catholic church, setting it on fire. The tower was destroyed and the flames did much damage to the main building. The pupils and sisters of St. Catherine's academy, adjoining the church, were in the chapel at the time, all being prostrated, but no one was hurt. The livery stable belonging to Turney, Clarke & Mitchell in Paris was struck by lightning and burned to the ground, consuming six valuable horses. A dwelling adjoining the stable was burned. The loss is $15,000.

Mistake of a Druggist.

WESTFIELD, Mass., June 2.—Willie Cummings died, it was supposed of diphtheria, but it has since been alleged that the boy's death was caused by the mistake of a druggist in putting a gargle or spray into a bottle labelled for medicine for internal use. The swallowing of the gargle is said to have resulted fatally. An autopsy will be held.

Enforcing the Contract Labor Law.

NEW YORK, June 2.—The contract labor inspectors at the barge office prevented seven Belgian glass-blowers from landing Sunday. The men all had tickets for Glassboro, N. J. They answered the inspectors' questions so glibly as to show that they had been coached by some one on the other side. Their cases will be carefully investigated.

The School Ship Saratoga.

PHILADELPHIA, June 2.—The school ship Saratoga sailed from the breakwater Saturday for her first sea voyage. She has 103 boys on board and will visit Fayal, Southampton, Lisbon, Madeira and other points, returning here about October.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, June 2.

Following are the quotations on the board of trade to-day: Wheat—No. 2 June, opened 92¾c, closed 92¼c; July, opened 92¾c, closed 93¼c; September, opened 91⅝c, closed 93c. Corn—No. 2 June, opened 33⅝c, closed 33¼c; July, opened and closed 34c; September, opened and closed 35¼c. Oats—No. 2 June, opened 25¾c, closed 26¼c; July, opened 26¼c, closed 26¾c. Pork—June, opened $13.25, closed $13.15; July, opened and closed $13.40. Lard—June, opened $5.97½, closed $6.00.

Live stock—Union stock yards prices were quoted as follows: Hogs—Market opened dull and prices 10c lower than Saturday; light grades, $3.85@4.05; rough packing, $3.80@3.80; mixed lots, $3.85@4.05; heavy packing and shipping lots, $3.85@4.07½.

Cattle—Strong; beeves, $3.10@5.00; cows and mixed, $1.40@3.30; stockers and feeders, $2.40@3.80; Texas grassers, $2.50@3.50; fed, $3.25 3.90. Sheep—Lower, dull; shorn, $4.00@5.70; wooled, $4.50@6.00.

Produce: Butter—Finest creameries, 13@13½ per lb; finest dairies, 10@11c; packing stock, 4½@5c. Eggs—Strictly feesh, 12@12½c per doz. Poultry—Chickens, 8@8½c per lb.; turkeys, 7c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—On track—common and mixed, 30@35c per bu; Peerless, 40@45c; Burbanks, 50@55c; sweet potatoes, $3.50@3.75 per bbl. Apples—$4.00@5.00 per bbl. Strawberries—75c@$1.25.

Broom corn—Hurl, 5½@6½c per lb.; whisk brush, 5½@6; green, self-working, 4½@5½c; inside and covers, 4@4½c; common brush, 3½@4c; crooked, 2@3½c.

New York.

NEW YORK, June 2.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 95½c cash; do June, 94½c; do July, 94½c; do August, 94¼c; do September, 94¼c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 40¼c cash; do June, 40¼c; do July, 41c; do August, 41¾c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 mixed, 33½c cash; do June, 2¾c; do July, 32c. Rye—Nominal. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; mess, $13.75@14.5. Lard—Steady; July, $6.32; August, $6.51.

Live Stock: Cattle—Market ruled firm, at former prices and everything sold. Poorest to the best native steers $4.10@5.15 ₩ 100 lbs.; Texans, $3.80@4.45; bulls and dry cows, $2@3.75. Sheep and Lambs—Sheep, slow at a decline of from ¼c to ½c ₩ lb; lambs, dull at ¼c lower; sheep, $4.00@6 ₩ 100 lbs; lambs, $7.75@8.37½. Hogs—Market steady; live hogs, $4.00@4.40 ₩ 100 lbs.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, June 2.

Wheat—Lower; cash, 93c; June, 94c; July, 90¾c. Corn—Lower; cash, 31½c; July, 32¼c; August, 33½c. Oats—Firm; cash, 27½c; July 28¾c; August, 25½@25¾c. Pork—Steady; $12.00@12.25. Lard—Nominal; $5.85. Whisky—Steady; $1.09.

PRETENDED TO DROWN.

A Neat Trick Played by an Indiana Farmer.

HIS FOOTSTEPS BETRAYED HIM.

After Taking Out an Insurance Policy on His Life for $5,000—He Goes Bathing with a Companion and Apparently Drowns—Evidence Which Goes to Show That He Went Naked to His Home and Then Disappeared.

LOGANSPORT, Ind., June 3.—James Christie, a well-known young farmer living near Fletcher's Lake, came to this city and obtained $800 from the banks on notes on which are forged the names of farmers living in his neighborhood. Christie then called on an insurance agent and took out a policy of $5,000 on his life. While the policy was being written up Christie purchased a suit of clothes, shoes, hat, etc. Going home he gave the policy to his wife and ate his supper. About 8 o'clock a neighbor called and the two went swimming in the lake near by. Christie swam out into deep water before his companion undressed. In a few minutes Christie called to his friend on the banks saying that he had the cramps and to get a boat near by and come to his rescue.

Telltale Footprints.

The boat was secured but Christie had disappeared. The lake was dragged for two days and nights in search of Christie. Christie's clothes on the bank were found where he took them off and untouched. Tracks were discovered of a bare foot man going toward Christie's house from the lake. A peculiarly shaped toe which marked itself in the footprints and which tallies with Christie's foot settles the fact in the minds of the neighbors that Christie made his way home naked while his friends were getting the boat, and, donning the new outfit which he purchased, he left the country. Christie was heavily in debt.

Japanese Exhibition at the World's Fair.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 3.—Gustavius Goward, formerly secretary of the United States legation at Tokio, Japan, has left Washington with credentials from the state department on a singular mission. Mr. Goward has been designated as a special commissioner to proceed to Japan and arrange for a Japanese exhibit at the Chicago fair. He is instructed to arrange for the exhibition of a complete Japanese village, including houses, families, all necessary domestic utensils, tools and workmen to display the ordinary trades and occupations in Japan. It is intended that this shall be one of the chief attractions of the fair.

Garibaldi's Statue Decorated.

NEW YORK, June 3.—The decoration of Garibaldi's statue in Washington square took place Monday morning in the presence of a large number of people. Several Italian societies participated in the ceremonies. When the statue had been decorated with flowers and bunting the military section of the societies saluted the statue in Italian style. Conterno's band then played selections of Italian patriotic music. The paraders then went to Bronner's park, where the sharpshooters participated in a prize shooting match.

Herbert Spencer's Health.

NEW YORK, June 3.—In acknowledging receipt of the congratulatory address forwarded to him on his birthday by the Brooklyn Ethical society, Herbert Spencer writes expressing great appreciation of the remembrance and adding: "In response to the good wishes expressed for my health, I may say that notwithstanding partial relapses, I have much improved during the past four months, and I am not without hope that I may still be able to complete the last division of my work."

Consolidation of Big Firms.

NEW YORK, June 3.—Negotiations are in progress and in all probability will soon be concluded whereby the firm of William Ottman & Co. of Fulton market will become associated with the Eastman company, exporters of dressed beef and cattle to England. The Eastman company export weekly about 5,000 cattle, either alive or dressed. The amount of business done by it is about $30,000,000 per annum. The firm of Beinecke & Co. will also be included in the consolidation.

Her Two Boys Were Drowned.

ST. LOUIS, June 3.—A special to The Evening Chronicle from Little Rock, Ark., says: Mrs. Mary Conklin, residing in the vicinity of Brentwood, Ark., attempted to cross White river on horse with her 10-months-old babe in her lap and two boys behind her. When in the center of the stream the saddle turned, throwing the women and children into the water. She escaped with the baby, the boys, aged 9 and 5, being drowned.

A Vagrant in Great Luck.

ALTON, Ills., June 3.—A man named Thomas Waters was arrested here for vagrancy and put to work on the rock pile. Shortly after a friend arrived from Jerseyville to impart to him the information that he was heir to $30,000, left him by an uncle in England. Pending the arrival of the inheritance, Mr. Waters will continue his stay with the marshal.

National Debt Statement.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 3.—The summary of the national debt statement is as follows: Total interest bearing debt, $800,440,041; total debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, $1,973,601; debt less cash in treasury June 1, 1890, $1,008,858,899; decrease of debt during month, $6,661,871; total cash in treasury as shown by treasurer's general account, $688,362,171.

Col. Bayne Declines Renomination.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 3.—In the congressional convention of the Twenty-third district, Col. Thomas M. Bayne, who has been that district's representative for seven terms, was renominated Tuesday morning. He refused to accept the nomination, whereupon Col. William A. Stone was nominated.

A Death from La Grippe.

EASTON, Pa., June 3.—Miss Harriet Porter, daughter of the late Andrew Porter, ex-secretary af war, died Monday from la grippe. Miss Porter was 65 years of age, and one of the most charitable and enterprising old ladies in the Lehigh valley.

Cut Her Throat with a Razor.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 3.—Mrs. Gallagher, wife of Chris. A. Gallagher, a prominent lawyer and politician, cut her throat soon after retiring with a razor, expiring immediately. Ill health is assigned as the cause.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, JUNE 7, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — The Bostonians.

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—"Jack Gordon, Knight Errant."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Olivette."

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Dead Heart."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Henry E. Dixey.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union —Le Nardes Gaieties.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Fast Mail."

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE.
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets—"Queen of the Plains."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—"Kidnapped."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

PARNELL RECOGNIZES FITZGERALD.

Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, an Irish member of the Saxon parliament, and leader, under an Englishman called Gladstone, of eighty-five other Irish members of the Saxon parliament, has at length condescended to answer President John Fitzgerald's rather timid inquiry in reference to the recent postponement of the convention of the Irish National League of America, as will be seen by the subjoined telegram:

LINCOLN, Neb., May 29.—President John Fitzgerald of the Irish National League received the following telegram yesterday afternoon:

LONDON, May 29,—Your action postponing convention has my entire approval, and if cablegram had reached me in time I should have advised recent meeting of council.

PARNELL.

Mr. Fitzgerald is in constant communication with the Irish leader and is earnestly urging the necessity of a convention of the American League. Mr. Parnell expresses the fullest confidence in the loyalty of the present National officers, but the attacks upon the organization are causing him great anxiety because he fears that it is the aim of others in this country to try and get the league completely under their control for objects not favorable to the Irish cause. He hopes to be able at an early date to name a definite time for the convention and has strong hopes of securing the attendance of John Dillon, Timothy Harrington, and William O'Brien.

The attacks made upon the Irish National League of America have all emanated from the enemies of President Fitzgerald, Secretary Sutton and Treasurer O'Reilly in this country. Mr. Parnell's attitude toward the gentlemen named, and toward Irish-Americans as a class, during the last three or four years has had much to do with dampening the ardor of the American Irish. There has been too much truckling to English sentiment—too much desire to offer the American Irish up as a sacrifice to Saxon public opinion. Even in recent works of fiction, written by men supposed to be thoroughly national, the temper of the English market has not been lost sight of. The only Irish-American soldier who figures in William O Brien's book is held up to view as a vulgar fellow, with an impossible half Irish, half Yankee brogue. It has come to pass that British subjects, whose chains still clank on their limbs, undertake to treat American citizens of Irish birth as something inferior to them. This comes of England's poisonous breath blowing into Irish nostrils over there in London, and the fascination of the glittering evil eye of that Saxon mother of dead and decomposed political dogs, the London parliament. Why, even the Irish settled in England are weary of the farce. Why not? Ireland did not send eighty-five representatives to the Saxon parliament in 1885 for the purpose of soothing the wounded vanity of Mr. Gladstone. She did not send them there to be the very bedraggled tail of the "Liberal" kite. She sent them there to fight her battles—such battles as they are—fearlessly and well. Mr. Parnell and his friends accepted the theory that Ireland could do no physical fighting, except at the risk of annihilation. But they could fight for her morally. The battle could no longer be decided by the pikes of Wexford, the scythes of Kildare, or the flint-locks of Tipperary—the only weapons left by the beneficient Saxon government to Irishmen—but, in the Saxon house of commons, they could raise Old Nick himself. And they did raise him until, in a weak and evil hour, they allowed themselves to be tacked on to the Whig band wagon, with Gladstone as driver.

Since then they have piled blunder on blunder. They have "blessed" Ireland with delegations of English political cranks—Sir Wilfred Blunt and his wife have taken to wearing Arab breeches somewhere in Africa—or else with heads of soup houses, and Saxon old maids in powder and ringlets. They have ignored the national language, debased the national music, and, were it not for the original virtue of the Irish people, would have done more to demeralize, in fact exterminate, the national sentiment than any agency since Cromwell. Did we say Cromwell? That tyrant was "as a spur to our cold blood set," but the Irish M.S.P.'s while, doubtless, meaning well, have only succeded in injecting ice water into the already depleted veins of bedeviled Ireland. They have not won a single concession from England since they turned their backs on an independent parliamentary policy. The Whigs think they own them, and act accordingly. They have lost the respect of the English Republicans since they voted for the "royal grants," and THE CITIZEN cannot blame the English Republicans for feeling disgusted at the conduct of men, who, coming from an oppressed country, had the amazing inconsistency, to be mild about it, to vote supplies to the very class of people whose rule has beggared the democracy of the Three Kingdoms, and, more particularly, the democracy of Ireland.

THE CITIZEN charges the Irish M.S.P.'s with having deliberately revived, or sought to revive, the spurious "loyalty to the Crown," which we fondly hoped was dead and damned forever, so far as any patriotic element of the Irish people is concerned. When Irish M. S. P.'s stand up in Dublin, and drink the Queen of England's health without being kicked down stairs for their atrocious blasphemy, the spirit of the Irish people in Ireland must have fallen very low indeed.

And now John Fitzgerald—as true a man as ever breathed—must needs have still another delegation of M. S. P.'s to attend the coming convention, whenever it may be held! And then, after they come to the convention, the delegates, God help them, will pass another series of self-abasing resolutions, puffing up Saxonry in Irish politics, and indorsing the policy of the men who drink the health of the old "royal" monster under whose rule 1,500 000 of their race starved to death, and 4,000,000 were driven to the ends of creation! It is impossible to understand why such a moral atrocity should be contemplated. The farther away Irish members of the Saxon parliament keep from American conventions, the better it will be for the cause of Irish liberty on both sides of the water. Their presence is simply an embarrassment, and their connection with the Irish National movement in this country, in any shape, only shackles the men who really mean business in regard to England's infamous usurpation of the functions of Irish government. A very large number of the Irish people in America are willing to aid Ireland's fight for freedom in any rational and respectable manner. They have no objection to an independent Irish party—a thorn in the side of the Saxon parliament—but they very strongly and decidedly object to the present policy of moral slavery and denationalization, the inevitable result of any alliance with English Whigs or Tories. O'Connell—a much greater man than any of his agitational successors, and also, without intending it, the greatest stumbling block to Irish independence that ever appeared upon the political stage—ruined himself by his alliance with the Whigs, the very policy that forced the secession of Smith O'Brien and his followers from Conciliation Hall, in 1846.

THE CITIZEN believes that Ireland should stand or fall, with honor, on the broad platform of her right to be an independent nation, and that any recession from that point only tends to her further ruin. She should frown upon every species of Saxonry in Irish politics. Saxonry is disgusting to every Irishman, or the son of every Irishman, who has a single spark of racial fire in his composition.

Now that Mr. Parnell has so kindly, if tardily, permitted Mr. Fitzgerald to call a convention some time in the remote future, when Irish members of the Saxon parliament may be at leisure to attend it, let us hope that there will be an end of further humbug. Let it be plainly understood that the Irish National League of America is merely a subordinate body, dictated to in a second hand manner, through the operation of Irish members of the Saxon parliament, by one William Ewart Gladstone, a devoted upholder of the British Empire in all its intactitude. This, then, will be its true status, and, having achieved such a standing, its meetings will be just as harmless, in both the moral and physical sense, as a gathering of Munster or Connacht farmers, duly dispersed by the bludgeons of her Britannic Majesty's pugnacious peelers. In fact the Irish National League of America, so called, has been reduced to the position of a collecting agency by the tactics of the gentlemen from the other side who delight in "crushing" recalcitrant American Irishmen who may not worship Gladstone as a "lean and slippered" Moses, or who may not feel quite in the mood to drink to the longevity of George III's truly descended granddaughter.

Knaves and slaves say it is the desire of THE CITIZEN to have Mr. Parnell deposed. Deposed from what? The Irish leadership? He was virtually deposed when Gladstone became his "boss" in the Saxon house of commons. The Irish party dare not call its soul its own now without the consent of Gladstone. THE CITIZEN, far from wishing the deposition of Mr Parnell desires to lift him up; to make a man of him; to make him virtually the leader of the Irish people, instead of the vassal of an English faction. In the former capacity he can be of some service to his country—in the latter he is of no consequence as a political factor.

A MISLEADING ASSERTION.

THE CITIZEN has respect for the Ancient Order of Hibernians, but why, may it ask, did the worthy members commit themselves to the following erroneous declaration at the recent National Convention of the Order, held in Hartford, Conn.?

"For seven centuries the English government has waged war upon the people—a war of extermination, yet, in spite of this, the Irish people were never so powerful as they are today. (!!!) By persistence, which has never been equalled, they have at least convinced *more than half the people of England*, as they had long before convinced the rest of the world, of the justice of their cause. That we recognize the changed condition of affairs, and, on behalf of the Order, accept in good faith the olive branch held out to the people of Ireland by Gladstone and the great Liberal party," *etcetera.*

Now, will our Hibernian friends "pluck some of the feathers from the wings of their imagination" and look at things dispassionately as they are? One of the greatest of our Irish faults is the habit of exaggeration. If "more than half the people of England" are in favor of Home Rule what hinders them from granting it? Ireland, certainly, is not stopping them; nor Scotland—nor yet Wales. America is friendly, and so is France. So also are Canada, Mexico, Australia, and the South American Rupublics. Russia, Germany, Austria and Italy offer no obstacle—the only obstacle is the English people, more than half of whom, the Hibernians gravely assure us, are in favor of the very policy which, as a majority, they doggedly and vehemently oppose. Did not fully one third of "the great Liberal party" in parliament stampede to the Tories, the moment Gladstone made his tardy Home Rule proposal? Are not Hartington, Goschen and Chamberlain living monuments of the treachery of "the great Liberal party?" What are our friends, the Hibernians, thinking about?

They point to Gladstone. Yes, there he stands, at the age of four score, biting on the file of English opposition. And with him are ranked "Red Jack" Poynts, commonly called Lord Spencer, and Sir William Vernon Harcourt. They even talk in England of Spencer as Gladstone's successor, with the smell of Dublin Castle still upon his clothes! Well, strange things come to pass in this world. THE CITIZEN envies the patriotic Hibernians their simple faith in lumped figures, but, alas, reference to the true figures will show that very much more than half the English people are still hostile to Home Rule, and are liable to remain so.

A MOST ACCOMPLISHED ROBBER.

One of the greatest practical grievances inflicted upon Ireland by the Union of 1800 was the base manner in which Great Britain, in harmony with her immemorial policy toward the weaker country, quadrupled her "national debt." This question is ably dealt with in an editorial of the Dublin *Nation*, of date May 24, as follows:

"The financial arrangements of the Union provided that Ireland should be protected from all liability on account of the British national debt contracted prior to the Union. The debts were to be kept separate. Ireland was to contribute two-seventeenths of the joint imperial expenditure. Her taxation was not to be raised to the British standard until the Irish debt bore to the English debt the proportion of two parts to fifteen, and until the circumstances of the two countries admitted uniform taxation. The representatives of Ireland protested against the proportion of two seventeenths, and maintained that the proper contribution would be one to thirteen. But the protest was unavailing. The consequence was that Ireland was unable to pay the share of the cost of the Napoleonic Wars imposed on her by the Union. The imperial government borrowed in her name to meet the deficits. They quadrupled the Irish debt, while they only doubled the British debt, and they soon established the conditions under which the two debts were to be consolidated. Ireland was thus let in for her share of the pre-Union British debt of £450,504,984. In the history of financial legerdemain no baser trick was ever performed. It is a literal, prosaic British fulfilment of Johnson's prophecy—'If you unite with us we will rob you.' One might expect that after that gigantic swindle British financiers would treat this country with some little generosity. But no. Mr. Dillon's speech shows what has been the result to Ireland since. Between 1816 and 1864 the total remission of taxation in Great Britain amounted to £72,000,000, and the new taxes imposed reached £35,000,000. In Ireland new taxes were imposed to the extent of £4,981,000. If the British proportion of remissions were kept up in this country, there should have been remitted over ten millions. The actual remissions amount to over £5,488,000. So much for the past."

There is something grotesque in the English swindle described in the passages quoted. England, not satisfied with making Ireland "pay for the razor with which Castlereagh cut his throat," made her pay also for the sword which hacked the French Eagle at purple Waterloo. How foolish it is for Irishmen to expect that England will treat their fallen country with generosity. Does a hungry cat treat with generosity the captive mouse on which he intends to satisfy his appetite? Who ever heard of a robber being generous to his victim. Indeed, the warm hearted, but eccentric, highwayman of New Mexico who, once upon a time, robbed a stage coach full of people, and then handed back each of the plundered persons a dollar wherewith to pay for breakfast, has been held up as a model of kind consideration among Knights of the Road. England gives back Ireland a shilling occasionally in the way of allowing a few bread and beef contractors to feed the army and navy employed to enslave and plunder her, but the object is too apparent to win the old thief any reputation for benevolence. History presents no such humiliating spectacle as the aspect of the Ireland of today. She is helpless in the hands of her jailer. The latter allows his prisoner the privilege of occasionally posing in public as a legislator in the Saxon parliament. Thus England deceives the world. The very idea of saying that England is harsh, when she coolly and gently robs Ireland, and then allows Irish members to solemnly announce the outrage in parliament! and, having so announced, the Irish members think they have done a big thing, while England, knowing that their stings are drawn, goes on robbing Ireland just the same!

"NO IRISH NEED APPLY" IN ILLINOIS

Mr. William Fitzgerald, who received the indorsement of the Cook County Democracy for the State Treasurership, was was slaughtered by the granger element in the State convention at Springfield on Wednesday, Judge E. S. Wilson, of Egypt, having been nominated in his stead. The Hon. Andrew O'Connor, of LaSalle, remarked that Wilson was "cold enough to sweat icicles on the Fourth of July," and that he will lose 500 votes that would have been cast for Fitzgerald in that locality. Well, William—well Andrew, in the midst of your defeat it is, at least, some satisfaction to have learned that *all* the Knownothings are not monopolized by the Republican party. The woods are full of them in all the parties of this country. Therefore, William, therefore, Andrew, keep your heads level, stand by the American flag, and assume an indepdndent attitude it politics.

THE "SCOTCH-IRISH" HERMAPHRODITES.

Those poor half made up, ashamed to be Scotch, afraid to be Irish, social, racial and political hermaphrodites, who call themselves "Scotch-Irish," held a second annual convention in Pittsburg last week, and sent forth to the country no end of foul air. The chief disturber of the sweetness of the atmosphere was that pompous, pragmatical person, the Rev. Dr. John Hall, a bible beater from Ulster, who has resided for some years in New York. This learned monstrosity stood before the hermaphrodite audience, and had the idiocy to declare that there were "no real Irish," that the Scotch-Irish were the true representatives of Ireland, and other stuff to the same effect. The Rev. Hall did not scruple to nickname our own glorious Phil Sheridan "a Scotch Irishman." He might as well have kept right along and included Brian Boru and Daniel O'Connell. Other reverend idiots—one named Kelly, whose name is as Irish as new potatoes—followed with laudations of the same element. In the face of history these mongrels had the impudence to declare that the Scottish people were the elder branch of the Gael. The most ignorant of preachers ought to know that Ireland was called Scotia Major—the greater Scotland—and Scotland Scotia Minor—the lesser Scotland—in ancient historical works. All that is good in Scotland came from Ireland. All that is bad in Scotland came from other sources. Scotland is simply a degenerate—in the national sense—colony of Ireland. The Irish and Scotch were so identified down to the defeat and death of Edward Bruce, near Dundalk, that they made common cause with each other against England. The Irish province last to yield to the English sway in Elizabeth's time was that nearest to Scotland—heroic Ulster.

The first to resist the false Saxon were they;
The latest to yield to his murderous sway,
And ever the foremost his power to curb—
Bear witness Clontibret, Blackwater, Benburb!

For the men of the North.

But those glorious Irish of the North fought until their swords broke in their hands, and then died, for the most part, shouting "Ireland and the Red Hand forever!" And when all were dead, exiled or driven into the mountain holds by the outnumbering forces of the foreign foe, the scraggy, sullen, soulless, bigot forefathers of such persons as the Rev. John Hall were sent over to supplant them. It was not the brave Highland Scotch who came to usurp the lands of their Irish cousins, but the niggardly cheap adventurers from the Valleys of the Clyde and the Tweed, veritable descendants of Pictish savages, Norman pirates and Saxon sheep stealers. Of such blood are the so-called Scotch-Irish of today the progeny. It comes very ill from a mouthing mongrel, like the Rev. John Hall, to say that there are "no real Irish." There would be none, if he and his kind had their way.

Now, what figure have the so-called Scotch-Irish cut in history? Outside of McCracken, Monroe, Orr, Neilson and a very few others of the '98 period, they have cut no figure as Irish patriots. They were not all Scotch-Irish, by any means, who filled the Church of Lungannon in 1780-82. It is sadly true also, that whatever the Scotch-Irish did for Ireland in '82 or '98 has been much more than counterbalanced since by their rabid adoption of, and adherence, to Anti-Irish and Orange principles. They are, at present, as in the past, the political curse and bane of their unfortunate country. The only creditable Irishmen that have sprung from the Scotch-Irish element since 1798 were John Mitchel, John Martin and Francis Davis, all of whom heartily despised the slavishness and bigotry of their own kindred. The Scotch-Irish stink in the nostrils of the mother who bore them. Their political record during 90 years is her enduring disgrace.

In the roster of great minds, outside the Irish question, the Scotch-Irish cut a contemptible figure. It is generally acknowledged that they are good at making dollars, and keeping them. They are welcome to such glory as may be reflected upon them by a sordidness which has become proverbial. Celtic, Catholic Ireland—even Saxon Ireland—has furnished heroes, poets and scholars, almost without number, to the army of great men who have benefitted or glorified humanity. Edmund Burke, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Henry Grattan, John Philpot Curran, Hussey Burgh, Dean Swift, Oliver Goldsmith, Thomas Moore, M. W. Balfe and hundreds of others, had no Scotch-Irish blood in their veins.

The Scotch-Irish who have chiefly distinguished themselves in America were Gen. Ross, of Rostrevor, county Down, who burned Washington, D. C., in 1814, and to whom a monument has been erected by his fellow Scotch-Irish; and John C. Calhoun, the apostle of Secession.

JUDGE GARY, in the Appellate court, has reversed the decision of Judge Tuley in the John B. Jeffery Printing Company case. Judge Gary holds that Mrs. Jeffrey was an entirely innocent party in the transaction, and that her property rights cannot be abridged. The decision of the Judge is regarded as a vindication of Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey by their friends.

THE Rev. Father D. Egan, of Harvard, Ill., has been appointed rector of St. Stephen's parish, this city, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, to succeed the late widely lamented Father Barrett. The reverend gentleman had been parish priest of Harvard for twenty-two years, and his change of mission, although a well deserved recognition of his worth, has filled his former parishioners with deep regret.

ROMAN ECHOES.

[*Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*]

THE PAPAL COURT.

On Monday, Mgr. Maursy Gelabart, Bishop of Orihula, in Spain, had the distinguished honor of being received in private audience by the Supreme Pontiff. On Wednesday morning the same honor was conferred on Mgr. Anthony de Pol, Bishop of Vicenza. Thursday, being the feast of the Ascension of Our Lord, all pontifical audiences were suspended. Friday, the Holy Father deigned to admit to his august presence, in the throne room the new Abbot General of the Casinese Congregation of Benedictines of primitive observance, as well as the new Provost Generals of the regular clergy, known as Somaschi, and the Congregation of the Passionists. They were also accompanied by their respective procurator generals and by several of the Fathers composing the various chapters of the orders, who had come to Rome to elect the new superiors. On Saturday the Holy father was pleased to receive in an especial audience Mgr. Anthony Labelle, protonotary apostolic and minister of agriculture and commerce and colonization of the Province of Quebec, in Canada. On the same morning the same honor was shared by Mrs. Flora Gallwey, wife of Col. Gallwey, and her sister Miss Maude Oxenham.

THE SPANISH PILGRIMAGE.

Scarcely have we seen the last of the German pilgrims, about whose reception at the Vatican we gave a detailed account in our letter last week, than we have the pleasure of welcoming to the Eternal City about six hundred pious pilgrims from the neighboring peninsula of Spain on their return journey from the Holy Land. They also had the supreme consolation of being received in a collective audience by the Holy Father on Saturday morning, to whom each one was presented individually and was received by the august and common Father of the faithful with the benign kindness and suavity of manner which characterizes the present reigning Pontiff. After being presented to the Holy Father and receiving from the Vicar of Christ a few words of kindly welcome as well as of encouragement, they were presented with a silver medal,

BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS,

by the Chamberlain on duty. Thus the Holy Pontiff had the joy of contenting the hearts of many more of the faithful sons of Holy Church, and they on their part went away with the consolation of having seen the representative of Christ on earth, and having proved to his august person the active sympathy of the subjects of his royal godson with their spiritual Father in the hour of trial and bitter necessity which he is so keenly experiencing at the present moment. At their special request the Holy Father imparted to them, before departing, the Apostolic Benediction. The Rev. Father Ramon de Valls, parish priest of the church of the Mercede, in Barcelona, together with his brother, Senor Ramon de Valls, privy chamberlain of his Holiness, joint presidents of the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, had the further honor of being received in private audience by the Holy Father.

RUSSIA AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Special dispatches from St. Petersburg inform us that the Right Rev. Mgr. Novodzorski, who was preconized Bishop of Plotsk in the last consistory, in pursuance of the recent Concordat between the Russian Government and the Holy See, was consecrated on Tuesday last the 13th inst.

THE CENTENARY OF ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

The Roman congregation of St. Sebastian held a special meeting on Sunday in the clubrooms of the Artists' and Workmen's Catholic Association at Testa Spaccata in commemoration of the thirteenth anniversary of St. Gregory the Great. One of the members, Signor Philip Ermini, delivered a lecture on the subject of "Gregory the Great, Monk and Pontiff."

BIRTHDAY OF THE KING OF SPAIN.

Saturday, the 17th inst., being the birthday of the infant King of Spain, Alphonsus XIII, the Spanish National Standard was flying from the Embassies to the Holy See and the Quirinal, from the Spanish National church of Monserrats, and from the Spanish Academy on the Janiculum Hill. At 11 o'clock, in the National Church of St. Maria di Monserrats, a solemn Te Deum was intoned by the rector, Monsignor Benavides, with an orchestral accompaniment, under the able direction of Professor Capocci. There were present at the function, besides the numerous members of the Spanish Colony in Rome, and the representatives of the various religious orders of Spain present in Rome, their Excellencies the Duke di Baena, Ambassador of his Catholic Majesty to the Holy See, and his wife, the Duchess with their daughter and all those attached to the Embassy; the members of the

SPANISH ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS,

and many of the members of the diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See, among whom was the Minister of Peru, lately arrived in Rome. In especially reserved places were his Eminence Cardinal Rampolla, secretary of state to his Holiness; various prelates and members of the pontifical court; Mgr. Jacobini, secretary of the sacred congregation of propaganda, Mgr. Bacceli, Mgr. Deggiovanni, Mgr. Azzocchi, Mgr. Tripepi, Mgr. De Ragnau, Mgr. Crostarosa, Mgr. Bartolini, Mgr. Farabulini, Mgr. Nasi, rector of the National Teutonic Church of S. Maria dell' Anima, and many other distinguished personages, and an immense concourse of representatives of the Italian aristocracy an laity. At the arrival and departure of his Excellency the Ambassador, who was accompanied by the rector of the church, Mgr. Benavides, and the chaplains of the National Church, the orchestra played the Royal Hymn of Spain. In the evening the magnificent and spacious halls of the Spanish Embassy, in the Piazza di Spagna, were thrown open by the Ambassador for the first time since his coming and their redecoration, to a magnificent reception, which was most numerously attended. Nearly the whole of the representatives of the College of Cardinals, resident in Rome, were present, besides all those mentioned above as having attended the Te Deum in the Spanish National Church.

CANNIBALISM IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Among the interesting foreign missionary reports the following, having special interest for your readers, has been forwarded to Rome. In the northern region of British Columbia an agent of the Canadian government has discovered some Indian tribes addicted to cannibalism from religious sentiment (?). These Indians, who are called Tsinopsiaxams or Kwoguties, believe in a spirit called Hamadise, which inhabits the mountains, nourishing itself solely on human flesh. Many years ago one of these tribes betook themselves to these mountains, where they discovered the famous spirit, and henceforth they alone became cannibals, and took the name of Hamadtses. The families belonging to this tribe alone have the right to betake themselves to the woods and there give themselves to these inhuman feasts on the flesh of their fellow beings. The sole object of the Hamadtses is to show themselves different from other men and that they are harmed neither by what they eat nor by their sufferings. At the beginning they killed a servant and a slave whom the Hamadtses devoured in the presence of a general assembly of the other Indians. But, at the present day, being afraid of killing men especially for their banquets, the Hamadtses content themselves with exhuming some recently buried bodies!

AFTER THIS REVOLTING FEAST

they are obliged to abstain from eating for several days, and during this time are only allowed to drink warm water. These monstrous cannibals in order to be admitted to such feasts, are bound to first submit to particular ceremonies, among which, the initiated are obliged to begin by biting whomever they come across, except women, and then to eat the flesh they have torn away with their teeth from for instance, the nose, ears, etc., and in this way to accustom themselves gradually to devouring without repugnance human flesh. With the father of the initiated, however, rests the obligation of compensating in some way the victims of their voracity. At present the Kwogutle Indians are rare who have not been initiated in these mysteries; for which reason they are nearly all cannibals. Such an atrocious and revolting instance of barbarity under British rule ought to call for immediate and efficient action on the part of the government, which has done so much in other parts of the world, and is even now exerting itself in Africa and elsewhere to carry civilization to that portion of the human race which yet remains to learn its softening influences. It must be apparent to anybody who hears the above details that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a more urgent case for immediate and peremptory action on the part of those who rule.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

DYNAMITE EXPLOSION.

On May 19 an explosion took place in a public house in Moore street, Dublin. A man named Thomas Gallagher, of Kill-o'-the-Grange, Monkstown, picked up what he supposed to be a small piece of pencil at the door, and commenced picking the case with a nail. Suddenly the pencil case exploded, and he was knocked against one of the shop walls. He was taken to Jarvis Street Hospital, where Dr. Hughes attended him, and found that the thumb and two joints of the first and second fingers were blown off. Several wounds were on the man's face, and it was found that pieces of the small bones of the fingers were imbedded in his cheeks.

AN IMPOSING CEREMONIAL.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin held a visitation at Athy, on May 22, and administered the sacrament of confirmation to 350 children of the district.

WEDDING PRESENTATION.

The ladies' committee met on Tuesday, May 20, in the Mansion House, the lady mayoress in the chair. A letter was read from Sutton & Co. offering to convey all parcels up to one cwt containing presents for Miss Raffalovich free from all parts of Ireland and England.

DEATH OF MR. A. M. WHELAN.

Mr. A. M. Whelan, business manager of *United Ireland*, died on May 20. Only a few days previous he was apparently in perfect health. An attack of that treacherous disease, congestion of the lungs, was the cause of his death.

MAD DOGS IN NEW ROSS.

Recently the policemen have been busily engaged hunting up the strollers or suspected mad dogs. In the cities there is an appliance by which the most wicked dog can be caught by a policeman, and held out from him at a safe distance, but the authorities seem to think that in New Ross a policeman with naked hands can catch mad dogs.

CLONGOREY ESTATE.

On May 23 tenants on the Tankard's Garden portion of the Clongorey estate of Mr. P. de Penthony O'Kelly, held a meeting to consider the reply of the agent to their letter of the 15th of May, offering to accept his terms on condition that the like reduction was given to the evicted tenants. The agent's reply stated that the trustees would have no dealings whatever with the evicted tenants. A reply was unanimously adopted and ordered to be forwarded to the agent, stating that the tenants could accept no terms of settlement that would not place the evicted tenants on the same footing as the others.

HOW THE POOR LIVE.

Forty-eight persons — nine separate families—dwelling in one house! That is the state of affairs existing at Castlebelling, as disclosed at the Laborers' Acts Inquiry at Athlone.

SACRILIGIOUS ROBBERY.

The pretty little Catholic chapel of Haggardstown was on the night of May 22 the scene of a sacrilligious robbery, evidently planned by old hands at the work, and carried out in the most systematic manner. The wretches, by means of a skeleton key, opened the door of the tabernacle and took therefrom the chalice. They also carried off a silver plated incense boat and collection plate. No trace has been found of the stolen articles, nor any clue to lead to the apprehension of the burglars. On the same night, in the same locality, and presumably by the same gang, a robbery of smaller proportions was committed. The dairy of Mrs. John McGough, of Priorland, was broken into and some meat and butter abstracted.

WALES WILL VISIT DUBLIN.

The *Daily Chronicle* says: We understand that the Prince of Wales has accepted the invitation of Sir Edward Cecil Guinness, Bart, to pay a visit of a strictly private character to Dublin.

RESISTED THE SHERIFF.

The trials of the men charged with resisting the sheriff at the Coolroe evictions closed at New Ross on May 22, and warrants were issued for their arrest. The others pleaded guilty, and were bound over to keep the peace in £10 bonds.

£420 000

is the sum to be expended at the Curragh in rebuilding the Camp.

ALLEGED MURDER.

At Abbeyleix, Queen's county, on May 19, Michael Sutcliffe, a farmer, was remanded on a charge of killing his wife. It was alleged that the accused during a quarrel beat deceased and put her out of the house, and that she succumbed to the effects of the maltreatment.

DEATH OF A NOTED RAILWAY MAN.

Mr. James W. Murland, of Dublin, who for more than a quarter of a century held a prominent position in connection with Irish railway interests, especially those of the north of Ireland, died suddenly on May 22. Mr. Murland had passed his 76th year, and almost up to the hour of his death—which it is understood was due to apoplexy—had enjoyed excellent health and fulfilled all his business engagements with unfailing punctuality and strictness.

THE "CROPPIES' GRAVE."

There will be an imposing demonstration at Carlow Graigue, when Mr. J. J. Clancy, M.P., B.L., will lay the foundation stone of the memorial to be erected over the "Croppies' Grave." The members of the League in Carlow, Queen's county, and Kildare will send deputations.

ROBBED BY TRAMPS.

A farmer named James Kinsella, while returning from Naas fair to his home at Tipper, was attacked a short distance outside the town by two tramps, who stopped him on the highway, knocked him down, and robbed him of £30. Sergeant Phelan, of Kill, subsequently arrested two men at Rathcoole, and on Thursday Mr. Kinsella identified them. They gave their names as Pat Connor, Belfast, and James McBride, of Dublin. They were taken before a magistrate and remanded to the petty sessions.

TOOK THE OATH.

Mr. Henry Harrison took the oath and his seat for Mid-Tipperary in the house of commons on May 19. He was introduced by Mr. Richard Power and Mr. J. O'Connor, and was greeted with loud Irish and opposition cheers.

DEATH RATE.

The registrar-general's return of births and deaths in the principal urban sanitary districts of Ireland, shows that the average annual mortality represented by the deaths was 21 8 per 1,000 of the population. It varied as follows: Armagh, 20 7; Belfast, 21 6; Cork, 10 4; Drogheda, 25 4; Dublin, 22 2; Dundalk, 21 8; Galway, 37 0; Kilkenny, 25 4; Limerick, 17 5; Lisburn, 29 0; Londonderry, 26 7; Lurgan, 35 9; Newry, 21 1; Sligo, 4 8; Waterford, 24 7; Wexford, 38 5.

MUNSTER.

A TENANT DRIVEN TO SUICIDE BY LANDLORD TYRANNY.

Mr. John Casey, coroner for the county of Limerick, held a inquest on Tuesday fortnight, at Bruff, on the body of a farmer named Henry Nash, of Ballyculleen, who committed suicide. A great deal of interest was attached to the proceedings of the inquest, as it was rumored that the deceased was driven into a state of temporary insanity, during which he committed the terrible act, by certain threats contained in a letter which he received from the landlord's agents, Messrs. Vandeleur & Townsend. His landlord was Lord Sandwich, to whom he owed rent. The coroner having reviewed the evidence, the jury found: "That the deceased died at Clerhane from the effects of drowning, whilst in a state of temporary insanity, caused, we believe, by the threats contained in a letter received from Messrs. Vandeleur & Townsend."

MOONLIGHTING.

An alleged moonlighting outrage was committed recently in the townland of Cross, near Boston, and about four miles from the village of Tubber. It appears that at 11 o'clock on the night in question a shot was fired into the sleeping room of the cottage in which Patrick Conroy and his wife and children were sleeping at the time. Two of the shots struck Conroy on the right arm, and the remainder lodged in the wall right above the sleeping couple. No arrests have been made.

CRUSHED ALMOST TO DEATH.

A shocking accident occurred at Russell's corn mills, Limerick, on May 19. One of the workmen, Michael M'Inerney, was oiling the shaft of the roller when his coat caught in the machinery, and the unfortunate man was dragged between the rollers. The machinery was at once stopped and, McInerney removed, and taken to Barrington's Hospital, where it was found that both legs, both arms, and several ribs were broken.

COERCION IN FERMOY.

Removables Capt. Welch and J.B.Irwin formed a coercion court at Fermoy on the 19th ult., to hear charges of intimidation and conspiracy to boycott preferred against Messrs. Richard Rice, Thomas Kent, William Kent, and Austin Rice. Owing to the absence through illness of of Mr. Wright, S.C.P., who has been directed to conduct the prosecution, and hearing of the charges was adjourned till May 28, and the defendants admitted to bail. Mr. Richard Rice is brother to Mr. Thomas Rice, sessional crown prosecutor.

COMPENSATION TO FISHERMEN.

At the presentment sessions in Midleton on May 19 £24 pounds was granted to Michael Kennedy, fisherman, Youghal, as compensation for malicious destruction of three salmon drift nets, his property, on the night of Feb. 19, to be levied off the township of Youghal. Michael Healy and Maurice Scannell, fishermen, Youghal, were awarded £10 each as compensation for the destruction of similar nets on the same occasion William Power and Edmund Mangan were awarded £8 each, and Michael Hannigan £3.

A DISTURBANCE AT RATHKEALE.

A report from Rathkeale states that a serious row occurred at the railway station between some of the men of two rival football clubs. A man named Michael Power, of Kilmeady, was, it is stated, seriously injured, and is now in a critical condition. One man has been arrested, and remanded in custody.

LANDED LARGE TAKES OF MACKEREL.

Very large takes of mackerel have been landed at Cahirciveen during the last few days, some boats getting over 6 000. The total catch was over 120,000 The Spillar boats have done but little for the last week, owing to the heavy sea. On Tuesday a very heavy take of mackerel was made, the total being close on 200 000, for forty boats The Spillar boats also did well, getting eleven score each.

DEATH OF PROF. SULLIVAN.

Professor William Kirby Sullivan, President of the Queen's College, Cork, died on Monday, May 12, after a long illness.

ARRESTED ON SUSPICION.

Two young men named John Neyland and Patrick Ward have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in a Moonlight attack on the house of Thomas Hogan, of Rannow Durra, near Ennis. They were brought before Mr. Hodder, R.M. The prisoners were remanded without bail for a week.

CONNAUGHT.

SERVED WITH A WRIT.

The Rev. Patrick Costelloe, Woodford; Mr. John Roche, M. P., and a number of the Clanricarde tenants have been served with a writ out of the Vice Chancellor's Court in an action at the suit of the Marquis of Clanricarde. The prayer of the writ is for an injunction to restrain the defendants from erecting any dwelling houses, huts, or other buildings on that part of the lands of Loocsaun, barony of Leitrim, and county of Galway, on which is erected the parish chapel of Upper Ballankel, and to compel them to pull down all and such dwelling houses already so erected, and to remove the materials of same, save the chapel and the residence of the Rev. P. Costelloe.

IRISH COLLEGE, PARIS.

The bishop of Galway, the Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, and the Bishop of Ross, the Most Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, have been deputed by the Irish Hierarchy to visit the Irish College, Paris.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

The Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, Bishop of Galway, has made the following appointments: The Rev. Father Keely has been transferred from St. Nicholas West, Galway, to Rosmuck; and is replaced by the Rev. Father Conroy, Rosmuck.

THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

The establishment of the Christian schools, under the auspices of the respected pastor, Rev. P. Lyons, has been a source of the greatest blessings to the youth of Castlebar and district. Religion and temperance are going hand in hand, and contributing largely towards the welfare and prosperity of this extensive parish. Father Lyons, observing the necessity of a suitable location for the Brothers, has now in course of erection a spacious monastery which will be a lasting monument of his zeal and untiring perseverance. The estimated cost will be £1 500, and in order to defray a portion of the expense, the ladies of the town are about organizing a bazaar on a very important scale.

A NEW BOOK.

The Right Rev. Dr. Healy, Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert, is preparing a work on the "Ancient Schools of Ireland." It will be published shortly.

SOUTH KILKEEVAN NATIONAL LEAGUE.

A large meeting of this branch was held recently, when it was resolved that the subscriptions for this year should close within the month. The death of poor Matt Harris, one of the fathers of every movement of the true national stamp within the past thirty years, was deeply regretted by all present. The resolution of the Baslick branch, relative to the cutting up of the Lisolway grazing farm, was read and approved of; and it was resolved to give all the aid within our command to the Lisolway men for whom the landlord is willing to cut up this farm which Messrs. McConville and Rafferty threw up for this purpose.

MISS AGNES BARRY.

Miss Agnes Barry, daughter of John Barry, of Roscommon, lately received the habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph, at their convent in Middletown, Conn. Bishop McMahon performed the ceremony. She will be known in religion as Sister Benedict.

ARRESTED FOR MURDER.

Mary Anne Hernon, a girl at service in Salthill, Galway, was placed under arrest for the murder of her male child, aged two months, which was found in the canal. She was remanded for a week.

CONVENT AT MOUNT CORBY.

The Sisters of the Most Holy Cross and Passion, from St. Sebastian's Convent, Kilcullen, County Kildare, have opened a branch convent at Mount Corby, Lincolnshire, England.

ULSTER.

SUICIDE ON A TRAIN.

On the arrival of the 5 o'clock train from Belfast in Dublin, recently, a young gentleman, about thirty years of age, supposed to be Mr. Pinkerton, of Belfast, was found dead in a first class compartment. Medical examination proved that he had shot himself with a revolver, which was found lying by his side.

MR. BIGGAR'S PROPERTY.

It is understood that the late Mr. Biggar, M. P., left property to the value of about £35,000 sterling.

SELLING HIS ESTATE.

It is stated that Lord Kilmorey is about selling his county Down estate, the rental of which is about £15,000 a year, to his tenants, under Lord Ashbourne's Act.

NATIONAL LEAGUE SUPPRESSED.

The National League is suppressed in the Barony of Farney, and in several parishes in the Barony of Cremorne, county Monaghan.

STRIKE IN NEWTOWNARDS.

Great numbers of painters went out on strike recently. The wages was 6.1 per hour, and they ask 6½d per hour.

THE DONEGAL VACANCY.

The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, whose political information is generally unexceptional, states that it is probable that the seat in West Donegal, which Mr. Patrick O'Hea has just resigned, will be offered to a young Irish Australian, Mr. James Dalton, and if, as is expected, he agrees to stand, he will be strongly recommended to the constituency by the national leader. Mr. Dalton is a practicing barrister in Dublin. He was called to the Irish bar about three years ago. He is a Roman Catholic, and about the same age as Mr. Knox, the recently elected member for West Cavan. Mr. Dalton is the eldest son of an opulent merchant in New South Wales, a warm supporter of the home rule movement, and is closely connected by marriage with Messrs. John and William Redmond, M. P.'s. Another Donegal member, John E. O'Doherty has resigned his seat.

FINED FIVE POUNDS.

The Recorder of Belfast, on appeal, confirmed the magisterial decision, fining Mr. Robert Henderson, of Great Victoria street, Belfast, a sum of £5 for compounding a prescription, he not being, it was alleged, a properly qualified chemist.

STRIKE IN LONDONDERRY.

The sawyers employed in the three large steam sawing mill of Messrs. J. & J. Cooke, McClelland, and Major & Co., of Londonderry, have struck work for a reduction of the hours of labor. Between sixty and one hundred hands are out of employment. The sawyers demand a reduction of three hours per week. They have been working sixty hours per week, while the carpenters are only working fifty-six and a half hours, and the sawyers wish to have their hours reduced to fifty-seven.

P. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

IF I WERE YOU.

BY GEORGE H. MURPHY.

If I were you, I often say
To those who need advice,
I'd always look before I leaped;
I'd always think it over twice.
And then I'd heave a troubled sigh—
For, after all, I'm only I.

I'd ne'er discuss, if I were you,
The failings of my fellow-men;
I'd think of all their virtues first,
And scan my own shortcomings then.
But though all this is good and true,
I am but I; I am not you.

If I were you and half so vain,
Amidst my folly I would pause
To see how dull and light a fool
I was myself. I don't, because—
(And here I heave a pitying sigh)
I am not you; I'm only I.

If I were you, no selfish care
Should chase my cheery smile away;
I'd scatter round me love and hope;
I'd do a kindness every day.
But here again I find it true
That I am I, and you are you.

I would not be so very quick
To take offense, if I were you;
I would respect myself, at least,
Whatever others say or do.
Alas! can no one tell me why
I am not you, instead of I?

In short, if I were only you
And could forget that I was I;
I think that little cherub wings
Would sprout upon me, by and by.

—*St. Nicholas for June.*

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Right Rev. D. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, is a guest at the Cathedral rectory.

The Rev. Father J. Corbett, of Boston, is a guest of the pastors of the Cathedral.

The Rev. Father H. Smythe has been assigned to the charge of the church at Lamont.

The Archbishop administered confirmation in the church at Elizabeth, Ill., on last Wednesday.

The Rev. Father D. Egan, of Harvard, Ill., has been appointed pastor of St. Stephens' Church to succeed the late Father Barrett.

At the Cathedral Tuesday morning week the following gentlemen were ordained: The Rev. J. J. Morrissy of Rockford, and the Rev. T. E. Cox, of Gibson City, as priests; the Rev. Justin Reichman, of St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, was invested with deaconship, and the Rev. Patrick McLaughlin, of St. Vincent's Point, this city, was made subdeacon. The Rev. Father Morrissy celebrated his first high mass on Wednesday week in Rockford, Ill., and the Rev. Father T. E. Cox celebrated a solemn high mass in Bloomington.

Notice.

The Wisconsin Central lines are now selling special Ten Ride Club Tickets between Chicago and Fox Lake, embodying railroad, omnibus and steamer coupons for Ten Dollars ($10). City Office No. 205 Clark street. Depot, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue.

OBITUARY.

MR. PATRICK O'CONNELL.

Mr. Patrick O'Connell, No. 375 West Taylor street, this city, a well known Irish American citizen and nationalist, died suddenly of acute pneumonia, at his home, on the evening of May 31. Mr. O'Connell was borne at Ahane, county Limerick, Ireland, in 1854, and came to America in boyhood. He resided mostly in Chicago and was employed by Fortune Brothers for eight years. He leaves a wife and six children. Mr. O'Connell was a member of Court Mulligan, Independent Order of Foresters. The funeral occurred on Monday morning from the residence to the Holy Family church, where high mass of requiem was celebrated, thence by cars to Calvary cemetery, where the interment took place.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Home-Seekers' Excursions via the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Ry.

On Tuesdays, May 20, September 9 and 23, and October 14, 1890, agents of the St. Paul and Kansas City Railway will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets to principal points in the West, Northwest, South and Southwest at rate of one fare for the round trip, tickets good returning thirty days from date of sale. For full particulars call on or address agents of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 357,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

THE CRITICS' VERDICT.

Condensed American Newspaper Opinion in Regard to Mr. Finerty's Stirring Book, "Warpath and Bivouac."

A Batch of Ringing Extracts from Leading Journals, East and West—A Fine Literary and Historical Volume.

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune, May 17.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. It's arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is an entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot, May 10.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth, May 4.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle, May 4.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptivenes of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald, April 29.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West. An excellent map shows the theatre of the war."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean, April 26.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times, April 26.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

FULL OF FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM.

[*Irish World, May 11.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac—As the *Irish World* announced some time since, Mr. John F. Finerty, who during the Indian campaigns of 1876 and 1879 was war correspondent for the Chicago *Times*, has been engaged for some time in the preparation of a history of those thrilling campaigns attending the conquest of the Sioux tribes. The work, which has just been given to the public under the above title, is ably written, and its descriptions are full of the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Finerty, who is himself of martial mold and evidently delighted in the dangers and deeds of bravery in which he himself acted a conspicuous and honorable part, and the story of which he tells with the familiar knowledge of personal observation."

READS LIKE A THRILLING ROMANCE.

[*Nashville (Tenn.) American.*]

It reads like a thrilling romance—stirring the blood and holding the interest without abatement to the end. It is a notable contribution to the history of the conquest of the wild tribes of the great plains—the bravest of all the savage warrior races that ever tried to stay the tide of Caucasian supremacy.

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News, April 25.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

USEFUL AND FASCINATING.

[*St. Louis Republic, April 26.*]

"The writer, who is a newspaper veteran of the first rank, has avoided a sensational style, and tells his story in a straightforward, manly fashion, like one who has seen the dangers recited face to face, and been thereby impressed with the stern reality of such hard experiences. Yet the anecdotes and reminiscences of camp life interwoven into the narrative brighten it up, and the whole makes a work that is at once useful as history and fascinating as a narration of the most stirring adventures that it is in the lot of any man to go through."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal, May 3.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald, April 26.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

THERE'S MANY A MAN IN CHICAGO

WHO HAS SAID TO HIMSELF

"WHAT! RESIDENCE LOTS $100?

That's preposterous. The property is certainly not desirable—the improvements are not of a good character; it's no place for me. SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG." READER, THAT IS A MISTAKE. IT IS JUST THE PLACE FOR YOU, and you can find absolutely no fault with

"MAGNETIC" GROSSDALE.

It is one of the most handsomely situated and best improved suburban cities on the C., B. & Q. R. R. Excelled by None. Eclipsing many. Only 28 minutes' ride from the Union Depot; 44 suburban trains daily. Over $100,000 spent by me in improving and beautifying the entire city. Macadamized boulevard; main sewer in boulevard; street lamps for full length of boulevard; 30 miles of sidewalks; shade trees in front of all lots; streets all graded; parks laid out and filled with beautiful flowers, shrubs, and trees; theatre building filled with stores and offices; fine pressed brick and stone depot; many handsome houses erected. And Still I Sell Lots for $100. $25 to $50 cash, balance monthly payments of $5 upward.

To Visit Grossdale call at my office. Salesmen will accompany you free. Grand Free Excursions Every Saturday at 2:30, Every Sunday at 1:45. Free Tickets at Main Office during the week or at depot gate 10 minutes before train time.

S. E. Gross,

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M. E. AMES, ATTORNEY, ROOM 6, 81 S. CLARK-ST.

ESTATE OF GEORGE M. MITCHELL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of George M. Mitchell, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1890, being the 21st day thereof. CHARLES S. EVELAND, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, May 16, 1890.

I CURE FITS

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl St., N.Y.

ROOT'S PURGATIVE PILLS cure all Blood Diseases, Constipation and Biliousness.

THE WORLD'S WAY.

The world is cold and scornful,
And though heartless it is gay,
And merit starves while knavery
Upholds its sovereign sway.
The sacred things are mocked at
And unbelief today
Is prevalent. We sigh alas!
'Tis but the wise world's way.

The rich forget that misery
Is not so far away,
To-morrow wrapped in darkness lies,
We live but for today.
And he who borrows trouble
Will soon be old and gray;
Be young, enjoy life while you can,
This is the gay world's way.

Cold, cynical and careless,
We grow more so each day;
And kind attention to the poor
We have no time to pay.
O ye who do in kindness
Your duty day by day
Among the friendless, blessed your lot,
You are not of this world's way.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

FALSE DAWN.

No man will ever know the exact truth of this story; though women may sometimes whisper it to one another after a dance, when they are putting up their hair for the night and comparing lists of victims. A man, of course, cannot assist at these functions. So the tale must be told from the outside—in the dark—all wrong.

Never praise a sister to a sister in the hope of your compliments reaching the proper ears, and so preparing a way for you later on. Sisters are women first, and sisters afterwards; and you will find that you do yourself harm.

Saumarez knew this when he made up his mind to propose to the elder Miss Copleigh. Saumarez was a strange man, with few merits, so far as men could see, though he was popular with women, and carried enough conceit to stock a viceroy's council and leave a little over for the commander-in-chief's staff. He was a civilian. Very many women took an interest in Saumarez, perhaps, because his manner to them was offensive. If you hit a pony over the nose at the outset of your acquaintance he may not love you, but he will take a deep interest in your movements ever afterwards. The elder Miss Copleigh was nice, plump, winning and pretty. The younger was not so pretty, and, from men disregarding the hint set forth above, her style was repellant and unattractive. Both girls had, practically, the same figure, and there was a strong likeness between them in look and voice; though no one could doubt for an instant which was the nicer of the two.

Saumarez made up his mind, as soon as they came into the station from Behar, to marry the elder one. At least, we all made sure that he would, which comes to the same thing. She was two-and-twenty and he was 33, with pay and allowances of nearly 1,400 rupees a month. So the match, as we arranged it, was in every way a good one. Saumarez was his name and summary was his nature, as a man once said. Having drafted his resolution, he formed a select committee of one to sit upon it, and resolved to take his time. In our unpleasant slang, the Copleigh girls "hunted in couples." That is to say, you could do nothing with one without the other. They were loving sisters, but their mutual affection was sometimes inconvenient. Saumarez held the balance hair true between them, and none but himself could have said to which side his heart inclined, though every one guessed. He rode with them a good deal and danced with them, but he never succeeded in detaching them from each other for any length of time.

Women said that the two girls kept together through deep mistrust, each fearing that the other would steal a march on her. But that has nothing to do with a man. Saumarez was silent for good or bad, and as business-likely attentive as he could be, having due regard to his work and his polo. Beyond doubt both girls were fond of him.

As the hot weather drew nearer and Saumarez made no sign women said that you could see their trouble in the eyes of the girls—that they were looking strained, anxious and irritable. Men are quite blind in these matters unless they have more of the woman than the man in their composition, in which case it does not matter what they say or think. I maintain it was the hot April days that took the color out of the Copleigh girls' cheeks. They should have been sent to the Hills early. No one—man or woman—feels an angel when the hot weather is approaching. The younger sister grew more cynical—not to say acid—in her ways; and the winningness of the elder wore thin. There was more effort in it.

Now the station wherein all these things happened was, though not a little one, off the line of rail, and suffered through want of attention. There were no gardens, or bands, or amusements worth speaking of, and it was nearly a day's journey to come into Lahore for a dance. People were grateful for small things to interest them.

About the beginning of May, and just before the final exodus of Hill goers, when the weather was very hot and there were not more than twenty people in the station, Saumarez gave a moonlight riding picnic at an old tomb, six miles away, near the bed of the river. It was a "Noah's ark" picnic; and there was to be the usual arrangement of quarter mile intervals between each couple, on account of the dust. Six couples came altogether, including chaperones. Moonlight picnics are useful just at the very end of the season, before all the girls go away to the Hills. They lead to understandings, and should be encouraged by chaperones; especially those whose girls look sweetest in riding habits. I knew a case once. But that is another story. That picnic was called the "Great Pop Picnic," because every one knew Saumarez would propose then to the eldest Miss Copleigh; and, besides his affair, there was another which might possibly come to happiness. The social atmosphere was heavily charged and wanted clearing.

We met at the parade ground at 10; the night was fearfully hot. The horses sweated even at walking pace, but anything was better than sitting still in our own dark houses. When we moved off under the full moon we were four couples, one triplet, and Mr. Saumarez rode with the Copleigh girls and I loitered at the tail of the procession wondering with whom Saumarez would ride home. Every one was happy and contented, but we all felt that things were going to happen. We rode slowly, and it was nearly midnight before we reached the old tomb, facing the ruined tank, in the decayed gardens where we were going to eat and drink. I was late in coming up, and, before I went into the garden, I saw that the horizon to the north carried a faint, dun colored feather. But no one would have thanked me for spoiling so well managed an entertainment as this picnic—and a dust storm more or less, does no great harm.

We gathered by the tank. Some one had brought out a banjo—which is a most sentimental instrument—and three or four of us sang. You must not laugh at this. Our amusements in out-of-the-way stations are very few indeed. Then we talked in groups or together, lying under the trees, with the sun baked roses dropping their petals on our feet, until supper was ready. It was a beautiful supper, as cold and as iced as you could wish; and we stayed long over it.

I had felt that the air was growing hotter and hotter; but nobody seemed to notice it until the moon went out and a burning hot wind began lashing the orange trees with a sound like the noise of the sea. Before we knew where we were the dust storm was on us, and everything was roaring, whirling darkness. The supper table was blown bodily into the tank. We were afraid of staying anywhere near the old tomb for fear it might be blown down. So we felt our way to the orange trees where the horses were picketed and waited for the storm to blow over. Then the little light that was left vanished, and you could not see your hand before your face.

The air was heavy with dust and sand from the bed of the river, that filled boots and pockets and drifted down necks and coated eyebrows and mustaches. It was one of the worst dust storms of the year. We were all huddled together close to the trembling horses, with the thunder shattering overhead, and the lightning spurting like water from a sluice, all ways at once. There was no danger, of course, unless the horses broke loose. I was standing with my head downwind and my hands over my mouth, hearing the trees thrashing each other. I could not see who was next me till the flashes came. Then I found that I was packed near Saumarez and the eldest Miss Copleigh, with my own horse just in front of me. I recognized the eldest Miss Copleigh, because she had a pagri round her helmet, and the younger had not. All the electricity in the air had gone into my body and I was quivering and tingling from head to foot—exactly as a corn shoots and tingles before rain. It was a grand storm. The wind seemed to be picking up the earth and pitching it to leeward in great heaps; and the heat beat up from the ground like the heat of the day of judgment.

The storm lulled slightly after the first half hour, and I heard a despairing little voice close to my ear, saying to itself, quietly and softly, as if some lost soul were flying about with the wind: "Oh, my God!" Then the younger Miss Copleigh stumbled into my arms, saying: "Where is my horse? Get my horse. I want to go home. I want to go home. Take me home."

I thought that the lightning and the black darkness had frightened her; so I said there was no danger, but she must wait till the storm blew over. She answered: "It is not that! It is not that! I want to go home! Oh, take me away from here!"

I said that she could not go till the light came; but I felt her brush past me and go away. It was too dark to see where. Then the whole sky was split open with one tremendous flash, as if the end of the world were coming, and all the women shrieked.

Almost directly after this I felt a man's hand on my shoulder and heard Saumarez bellowing in my ear. Through the rattling of the trees and howling of the wind I did not catch his words at once, but at last I heard him say: "I've proposed to the wrong one! What shall I do?" Saumarez had no occasion to make this confidence to me. I was never a friend of his, nor am I now; but I fancy neither of us were ourselves just then. He was shaking as he stood, with excitement, and I was feeling queer all over with the electricity. I could not think of anything to say except: "More fool you for proposing in a dust storm." But I did not see how that would improve the mistake.

Then he shouted: "Where's Edith—Edith Copleigh?" Edith was the younger sister. I answered out of my astonishment: "What do you want with her?" Would you believe it, for the next two minutes he and I were shouting at each other like maniacs—he vowing that it was the younger sister he had meant to propose to all along, and I telling him till my throat was hoarse that he must have made a mistake! I can't account for this except, again, by the fact that we were neither of us ourselves. Everything seemed to me like a bad dream—from the stamping of the horses in the darkness to Saumarez telling me the story of his loving Edith Copleigh since the first. He was still clawing my shoulder and begging me to tell him where Edith Copleigh was, when another lull came and brought light with it, and we saw the dust cloud forming on the plain in front of us. So we knew the worst was over.

The moon was low down, and there was just the glimmer of the false dawn that comes about an hour before the real one. But the light was very faint, and the dun cloud roared like a bull. I wondered where Edith Copleigh had gone, and as I was wondering I saw three things together: First, Maud Copleigh's face come smiling out of the darkness and move towards Saumarez, who was standing by me. I heard the girl whisper "George," and slide her arm into the arm that was not clawing my shoulder, and I saw that look on her face which only comes once or twice in a lifetime—when a woman is perfectly happy and the air is full of trumpets and gorgeous colored fire and the earth turns into cloud because she loves and is loved. At the same time I saw Saumarez's face as he heard Maud Copleigh's voice, and fifty yards away from the clump of orange trees I saw a brown Holland habit getting upon a horse.

It must have been my state of over excitement that made me so quick to meddle with what did not concern me. Saumarez was moving off to the habit; but I pushed him back and said: "Stop here and explain. I'll fetch her back!" And I ran out to get at my own horse. I had a perfectly unnecessary notion that everything must be done decently and in order, and that Saumarez's first care was to wipe the happy look out of Maud Copleigh's face. All the time I was linking up the curb chain I wondered how he would do it.

I cantered after Edith Copleigh, thinking to bring her back slowly on some pretense or another. But she galloped away as soon as she saw me, and I was forced to ride after her in earnest. She called back over her shoulder: "Go away! I'm going home. Oh, go away!" two or three times; but my business was to catch her first and argue later. The ride just fitted in with the rest of the evil dream. The ground was very bad, and now and again we rushed through the whirling, choking "dust devils," in the skirts of the flying storm. There was a burning hot wind blowing that brought up a stench of stale brick kilns with it; and through the half light and through the dust devils, across that desolate plain, flickered the brown holland habit on the gray horse. She headed for the station at first. Then she wheeled round and set off for the river through beds of burnt down jungle grass, bad even to ride pig over. In cold blood I should never have dreamed of going over such a country at night, but it seemed quite right and natural with the lightning crackling overhead, and a reek like the smell of the Pit in my nostrils. I rode and shouted, and she bent forward and lashed her horse, and the aftermath of the dust storm came up and caught us both, and drove us downwind like pieces of paper.

I don't know how far we rode; but the drumming of the horse hoofs and the roar of the windand the race of the faint, blood red moon through the yellow mist seemed to have gone on for years and years, and I was literally drenched with sweat from my helmet to my gaiters when the gray stumbled, recovered himself and pulled up dead lame. My brute was used up altogether. Edith Copleigh was in a sad state, plastered with dust, her helmet off, and crying bitterly. "Why can't you let me alone?" she said. "I only wanted to get away and go home. Oh, please let me go!"

"You have got to come back with me, Miss Copleigh. Saumarez has something to say to you."

It was a foolish way of putting it; but I hardly knew Miss Copleigh, and, though I was playing Providence at the cost of my horse, I could not tell her in as many words what Saumarez had told me. I thought he could do that better himself. All her pretense about being tired and wanting to go home broke down, and she rocked herself to and fro in the saddle as she sobbed, and the hot wind blew her black hair to leeward. I am not going to repeat what she said, because she was utterly unstrung.

This, if you please, was the cynical Miss Copleigh. Here was I, almost an utter stranger to her, trying to tell her that Saumarez loved her and she was to come back to hear him say so. I believe I made myself understood, for she gathered the gray together and made him hobble somehow, and we set off for the tomb, while the storm went thundering down to Umballa and a few big drops of warm rain fell. I found out that she had been standing close to Saumarez when he proposed to her sister, and had wanted to go home to cry in peace, as an English girl should. She dabbed her eyes with her pocket handkerchief as we went along, and babbled to me out of sheer lightness of heart and hysteria. That was perfectly unnatural; and yet, it seemed all right at the time and in the place. All the world was only the two Copleigh girls, Saumarez and I, ringed in with the lightning and the dark; and the guidance of this misguided world seemed to lie in my hands.

When we returned to the tomb in the deep, dead stillness that followed the storm, the dawn was just breaking and nobody had gone away. They were waiting for our return. Saumarez most of all. His face was white and drawn. As Miss Copleigh and I limped up he came forward to meet us, and, when he helped her down from her saddle, he kissed her before all the picnic. It was like a scene in a theatre, and the likeness was heightened by all the dust white, ghostly looking men and women under the orange trees, clapping their hands—as if they were watching a play—at Saumarez's choice. I never knew anything so un-English in my life.

Lastly, Saumarez said we must all go home or the station would come out to look for us, and would I be good enough to ride home with Maud Copleigh? Nothing would give me greater pleasure, I said.

So, we formed up, six couples in all, and went back two by two; Saumarez walking at the side of Edith Copleigh, who was riding his horse.

The air was cleared, and little by little, as the sun rose, I felt we were all dropping back again into ordinary men and women and that the "Great Pop Picnic" was a thing altogether apart and out of the world—never to happen again. It had gone with the dust storm and the tingle in the hot air.

I felt tired and limp, and a good deal ashamed of myself as I went in for a bath and some sleep.

There is a woman's version of this story, but it will never be written—unless Maud Copleigh cares to try.—Rudyard Kippling.

A Progidy This.

"Johnny, how many seasons are there?"

"Three: pepper, salt and de baseball season."—Epoch.

THE BLACK BORDERER.

A SOLEMN OCCUPATION WHICH SUPPORTS A BRIGHT GIRL.

She Failed at First in Several Lines, but at Last Discovered Her Forte—Skilled Labor That Has Little Competition—It Is Rather Nice Work.

"You can't tell me there is no good in novels," said the girl in glasses. "Some years ago my father read in a novel which was then coming out in one of the magazines—I don't remember the name of it now, nor in what magazine it was coming out—that every girl should know how to do one thing well enough to earn her living by it, and he was so much taken with the idea that he determined then and there that I should learn a trade. I was his only daughter, only child, in fact, and there were but two of us in the family, as my mother had died some years before.

"First I tried telegraphy, and found I was no good at that, and then I tried typewriting, and found that wasn't my forte either. I gave up then, and told papa that if he couldn't support me I'd either have to get married or go to the Free Home for Destitute Young Girls; but he had lately visited a paper mill, and so he suggested another trade, the one you see me working at now. Do I call myself a paper decorator? No, I am a black borderer; but, all the same, I am just as much of a skilled laborer as any girl who paints flowers and newly hatched chickens on Easter cards, and such things, though I do nothing but blacken the borders of mourning paper. Thought that was machine work? No, that it isn't!

PECULIARITIES OF THE WORK.

"It is woman's work. They have tried time and again to invent machines that would do it, but they have all turned out flat failures, and I am glad of it, as this is the only kind of work by which I have been able to earn my bread and butter for the last three years—since papa was taken off suddenly by heart failure, and it was found that he had laid up no money, and his insurance policy had lapsed.

"Profession much crowded? No, thank heaven! this is one profession in which there is a little elbow room. One reason, I suppose, is that it is not so well paid as it might be, and another is (though I say it that shouldn't say it) that it isn't every girl who could learn the art. You thought yourself that it was done by a machine, so you must have noticed how very smoothly the black is laid on. Of course I do not take such pains with the inferior qualities as with the best linen, such as I am doing now; but the worst must be done well or it won't pass muster. My employer, when he advertised for a girl to do this work, didn't get more than a dozen answers, and most of them were from girls who didn't know anything whatever about it; they only thought they could do it, as they had taken lessons in water colors. They didn't know that this kind of painting is a trade by itself.

"Trying to the eyes? Yes, when one's eyes are not very strong to begin with; but if I find my eyes giving out I can always stop and rest awhile. It is my own loss, you know, as mine is piece work, paid for by the ream.

GOOD PAY AND SHORT DAY.

"How much a ream? For fine qualities, $1.50 a ream; for the very commonest, forty-five cents; but there is very little of that kind to be done, for which mercy I am thankful. Unless we are awfully busy, I can come when I like and go when I like. Usually I get here at half-past 8 in the morning and leave at 5 in the afternoon. In that time, if I don't give my eyes too many resting spells, I can border a ream and a half.

"Lonely? No, I am too busy to feel lonely, though I sit here all day by myself, seeing nobody but the man who brings in my paper. That is, he brings it to me in the busy season, but if the work is anyways slack I have to go for it myself. The slack season begins in June, and work does not pick up again till some time in September. In July I live in daily fear of being laid off for a while, though that hasn't happened to me yet. I am not like girls who live at home and work for 'fun.' When a crowd of them have been addressing circulars in a novelty establishment they don't mind it a bit when the superintendent announces that the job is finished and the mob is to be dispersed.

"Treated as a lady should be? Yes, my employer is as polite as pie whenever I see him, as, indeed, he should be to a girl who he knows by this time is working for all she is worth. At first it seemed to me to be an awfully solemn kind of work, and I used to think about deaths and funerals, and sometimes would get to crying, though I took good care not to damage the paper by letting my tears fall on it; but one can get used to anything, and now I don't any more mind painting black borders than I'd mind painting red ones."—New York Tribune.

Where Stamps Come From.

"Where do stamps come from?"

"The dealers are the original collectors, if that is what you mean. There are at present about one thousand stamp merchants in the United States doing business on a capital of all the way from $100 to $100,000. The dealer gets most of the stamps from the countries issuing them by sending directly to postmasters in those countries with orders and drafts for money. If my stock of Shanghai stamps is low I send a draft for $100 to the postoffice in that city and receive in return $100 worth of whatever sort of Shanghai stamps I may have requested. In this way I keep myself supplied with new stamps of all sorts from every part of the world."—Interview in Washington Star.

Loss of Water by Waste.

Water leaking through a hole just large enough to pass a needle through, during twenty-four hours at a fourteen pound pressure, would be sufficient to supply a house for the day. The waste through a one inch pipe under the same conditions would be 1,140 gallons.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Handy and Useful Scrap Basket.

A new variety of the ever useful scrap basket will be warmly welcomed by people obliged to live in rooms so small that every inch of space is valuable. It will also be a great convenience to travelers and persons intending to spend a few weeks in the scantily furnished rooms of summer hotels. Credit must be given to the brains of somebody on the other side of the ocean, for this device is not a "Yankee notion."

The foundation is one of the folding lattice work flower pot covers—the more substantial the better—and a large bag of silk, cretonne or any strong material. Open the cover to its full size, and cut a pasteboard circle to fit the bottom exactly. Cover both sides of the pasteboard with silk or cretonne—or whatever material has been selected—and around this gather a bag twice the length of the height of the cover.

Turn the top of the bag over the width of two inches, hem it, and above the hem make two rows of stitching half an inch apart, through which run ribbons in opposite directions to draw up the bag. Loops of "baby" ribbon sewed flatly on the outside of the bag just at the top of the cover and slipped over its ends serve to hold it in place. To pack it, take the bag out, roll it up over the pasteboard bottom and close the cover. Both will then occupy a very small space. These baskets can be made very ornamental, as well as useful, by gilding the lattice work cover and using some pretty shade of surah silk or satin for the bag.—New York Tribune.

The Art of Feeding Horses.

An English veterinary surgeon recommends that those who have charge of horses should be taught that the stomach of a horse is not like the rumen of a cow, a mere receptacle for food, but an essential organ of digestion for a limited capacity, which does not need to be crammed in order to perform its proper functions, and that it cannot be so treated without danger to the animal; and that the teeth of the horse are provided for the purpose of masticating the food, and that the food which does not require mastication should be sparingly, if ever used. He further recommends that no horse be put to work immediately after a full meal, and when a horse has done a heavy day's work it should be allowed to stand in the stable until it is cool and comfortable before being fed. A little water may be given, and if a little good hay be put into the rack it will occupy his attention, and besides requiring proper mastication will further have the effect to slightly stimulate the stomach to secretion, and prepare it for the reception of the feed which is to follow. Should a horse require more food than usual to supply the extra waste of tissue caused by hard work, give it by all means, but let it be in excess in its albuminoids, and let the horse be fed oftener and not increased quantities at a time.—Horse and Stable.

By Hammer and Hand All Arts Doe Stand.

The Blacksmiths' cup, which formerly belonged to the Blacksmiths' company, of England, was a tall cup of silver 11½ inches high, without a cover, the bowl engraved with the arms of the Blacksmiths' company and decorated with tooled granulated ornaments, the stem formed as a figure of Vulcan standing by his anvil, on which is engraved the motto, "By hammer and hand all arts doe stand," and round the brim inscribed, "The gift of Christopher Pym, upon his admission to the place of clerk of this company." The hall mark upon it is of 1655.

The cup was in the famous collection of Ralph Bernal, and afterward passed into that of Mr. Dexter, and is described and engraved in Cripps' "Old English Plate." It weighs 30 ounces 4 pennyweights. It was recently sold and brought £585. When sold in the Bernal collection in 1855 it was bought for £37 10 shillings by Gen. Lygon, who sold it to Mr. Dexter for £25, but in Mr. Dexter's sale, in 1872, it sold for £367 10 shillings.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Which Is Your Right Hand?

An anatomist told me the other day that I could not tell him which was my right hand. I immediately held out my right hand, but he objected. He said that he did not say that I could not show or extend my right hand, but that I could not tell him which was my right hand—that is, that I could not describe it in words, so that one who had never heard of the distinction we make between the right and the left hands would be able to find it. I thought that would be easy enough also until I took time to think the matter over, then I gave it up, for on the outside of the human body there is nothing to distinguish the right hand from the left. No one can describe it in words so that an ignorant person (one not knowing the distinctions we make) can find and locate it.—St. Louis Republic.

Love and Thoughtfulness.

A pleasing story of family affection and thoughtfulness is given by The Fairfield (Me.) Journal. In a quiet farm house by the banks of the Kennebec, near Fairfield, dwells an aged couple whose only son runs on the Maine Central between Bangor and Portland, and each night the rattle of his train rocks the humble abode of his parents. To assure them that he is all right, whenever the engine reaches the cottage he touches the bell a single stroke. They signal to him by having a lamp burning brightly in a particular window to tell him that they, too, are not only in their usual health but bear him in mind. Every other night the signals are exchanged at 8 a. m. and 10 p. m. respectively.

What Laughing Is.

A solemn professional donkey abroad announces that "laughter is really nothing more than disorganized breathing. When you are excited to a fit of laughter you hold your breath and then it suddenly bursts out, causing eccentric sounds as it passes the organs of the voice." Let us wait now until the next profound idiot discovers that breathing is merely disorganized laughter.—Chatter.

An Orthodox Vane.

A good story is told of the great Unitarian clergyman, Dr. Channing, of Boston. The doctor, in his latter days, was rather frail in body and very antagonistic to going out in an east wind. At one period when the weather had been exceptionally good for three weeks a friend called to see why he had not been out on these fine days. "Why," exclaimed the good man, "the weather vane on Park Street church has been pointing an east wind for nearly a month." When the friend explained that the indicator was rusty and the wind had really been from northwest, the reverend gentleman's ire was unbounded to think he had been wrongly directed by an orthodox vane.—Chicago Herald.

The Tabardist.

"My cousin is in business in New York on Broadway. He has to work rather hard, but he gets a good deal of fresh air." "What is his business?" "He is a tabardist." "Oh, I see." That dialogue would describe euphemistically the occupation of walking up and down carrying an advertising board on the breast and another on the back. "Tabardist" sounds artistic, as if one wore the tabard garment, of which the literature of costume has much to say. Call no longer the sign bearer a "sandwich man," but give him the high sounding title which I saw noted recently.—Christian Union.

There Before Him.

The hungry guest at the nearest table was beginning to lose patience.

"How long have you been here?" he asked a waiter who was passing, busy over nothing.

"About three years."

"Oh, then you were here before I came."—Philadelphia Times.

Phosphorus in Fish Meat.

Fish meat, according to Professor Atwater's researches, does not contain more phosphorus than ordinary butcher's meat. The benefit which brain workers are said to derive from a diet of fish should therefore be ascribed, not to the phosphorus, but to the greater digestibility of the fish. The excess of phosphorus in the urine of such persons need not be regarded as a resultant of brain work, but as an indication of the disordered digestion to which sedentary persons are liable. The recent researches of Zuelzer and others seem to indicate that excessive elimination of phosphorus by the urine is associated with nervous depression rather than with nerve activity.—Christian at Work.

Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, owner of Abbotsford, has a revenue of about $2,000 per year from the fees paid by tourists who wish to see Sir Walter Scott's books, curiosities and personal relics. The great novelist's fame would be more profitable but many tourists want to see his relics Scott free.

The largest greenback extant is worth $10,000, and there is only one such note in existence. Of $5,000 notes there are seven; and when you come down to the ordinary, every day $1,000 note, "there's millions in it."

A Maine woman gives the secret of her wonderful success in raising calla lilies. She says she allowed her calla plants to rest during the summer, repotting them in the fall in good rich earth which contained much ammonia. The plants were then trimmed and moss placed on the earth to retain the moisture.

SOLD HIS SKELETON.

A FREAK WHO CAN DISLOCATE HIS JOINTS WITHOUT DIFFICULTY.

How He First Discovered His Peculiarity. Working It for All It Was Worth to Avoid Tasks—In Great Demand at the Hospitals.

A freak, who is in no sense of the word a fake, is Charles E. Hilliard. He dislocates his joints and replaces them at will to the great astonishment of the many visitors. The most eminent physicians in this and other countries have tried to solve this man's peculiar gift, but all have failed and he remains as great a puzzle, to himself as well as others, as when he first discovered he could loosen himself, so to speak, without doing any harm or causing any pain. Mr. Hilliard is of medium height, lithe and graceful, and is possessed of his share of manly beauty. An Eagle reporter interviewed this stumbling block to science yesterday—bearded him in his den as it were—and drew from him a life history which is full of incident and novelty.

"I was born at Martinsburg, W. Va.," he began, "on Aug. 16, 1857. I grew up to a schooling age the same as any other child. One day—I remember it well—I climbed into an orchard from which little boys were supposed to be excluded, and, catching sight of a dog, quickly jumped the fence into the roadway, turning my ankle when I struck the ground. It didn't hurt any, so I kicked against the fence and snap it went back into place again. I went home and scared my parents almost into hysterics by repeating my snap act, and they sent post haste for a doctor.

THE DOCTOR PUZZLED.

"He twisted me and hammered me, and found a lot of new places that could be broken without pain, finally giving up the puzzle with the consoling theory that there was a screw loose somewhere. In school I soon learned to unjoint my head, and could write on the blackboard and look squarely at the school at the same time. I always cracked my ankles instead of snapping my fingers to attract the teacher's attention, and if I found I was being beaten in a foot race I always managed to have a broken leg or twisted foot for ten or fifteen minutes as an excuse for having lost. When a bucket of coal was needed my wrist was always dislocated; during harvest time a dislocated knee came in very handy. I couldn't carry water with a dislocated shoulder, nor weed the garden with three broken fingers on each hand, so I managed to have things pretty easy during my childhood.

"As I grew older I found there were few joints in my body that I could not dislocate, and it gradually got to worrying me. I consulted one doctor after another, and one word, enigma, gives the result of all their investigations. When I gave it up in despair and resolved not to bother myself any more about my failing, as I called it, the doctors began. Dr. St. Clair, of the Port Huron Medical college; Dr. Pauerest, Philadelphia; Dr. Bliss, New York; Dr. Howell, Baltimore; Dr. Chambers, St. Louis; Dr. Doremus, Philadelphia; Dr. Adolphus, Atlanta, Ga., and a thousand and one others tackled me one after another, and as regularly gave me up as being an unexplainable mystery.

"I now began to get used to being on exhibition through having so many doctors experimenting with me, and resolved to accept one of the many offers that kept pouring in upon me to visit medical colleges throughout this country and England, and after exhibiting for a time before surgeons and students at home I took an engagement in the Royal college in London, where they kept me for seven years, and yet could tell me no more when I left than when I entered. When I returned I took turns at the prominent colleges in the large cities, occasionally shifting off to a season in a museum or side show for a change. I have become completely hardened to criticism and curiosity regarding my defect or gift, which ever you have a mind to call it, and am just as well satisfied here or in a museum as before a crowd of students that are aching for my corpse whenever they see me.

SOLD HIS SKELETON FOR $6,000.

"College work pays me best, though. I get $150 a week at a college or where I am now, but I have worked as low as $75 in a museum just because I wanted a change so much. By the way, I suppose you read in the newspapers a few years ago how I sold my bones. I had received various offers from half a dozen cranks scattered over the country of from $1,000 to $4,000 for my body after death, money to be paid on date of contract, but I paid no attention to them.

"Finally, one day while I was exhibiting at the Bellevue hospital, Philadelphia, Dr. Doremus came up to me with a pleasant smile and the equally pleasant greeting of, 'Well, Hilliard, how much for your bones today?' 'They're $6,000 today,' said I, laughing. 'It's a go,' he answered, and the next day he sent me a check for that amount, and I signed a contract giving him my skeleton after death, but reserving the right to use it myself until death occurs. I thought at first it was a joke, but soon found out it was a straight transaction and business from the word go."

Mr. Hilliard has never known what it was to be ill, and is in perfect physical condition. His disjointing and rejointing are done quickly, and among many others include the following dislocations, which will give some idea of his peculiar formation: Complete dislocations of the wrists, elbows, fingers, ankles and knees; four different dislocations of the shoulders and four of the hips; eight dislocations at the same time, embracing shoulders, hips, knees and ankles, and twelve dislocations at the same time, embracing toes of each foot and the two ankles. While thus dislocated he shows seven different forms of what is known as club feet. Mr. Hilliard is married, well educated and a very pleasing conversationalist.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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Dr. W. P. Wright, Paw Paw Ford, Tenn., says: "In my practice, I invariably prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla for chronic diseases of the blood."

Dr. R. R. Boyle, Third and Oxford sts., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "For two years I have prescribed Ayer's Sarsaparilla in numerous instances, and I find it highly efficacious in the treatment of all disorders of the blood."

L. M. Robinson, Pharmacist, Sabina, O., certifies: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has always been a great seller. My customers think there is no blood-purifier equal to it."

"For many years I was afflicted with scrofulous running sores, which, at last became so bad the doctors advised amputating one of my legs to save my life. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and soon saw an improvement. After using about two dozen bottles the sores were healed. I continue to take a few bottles of this medicine each year, for my blood, and am no longer troubled with sores. I have tried other reputed blood-purifiers, but none does so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—D. A. Robinson, Neal, Kansas.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Smith, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Brocken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—Thos Mailey, C R, 24 Rumsey st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 9 Smart st; E D LeTourneau, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr J B Phelan, C P. Meet 1st Thursday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in McElroy's hall, corner Indiana and Paulina sts.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 245 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Howson, R S, 3516 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 35 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday, 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 383 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1088 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Foix, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 196 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamen st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 236 Sherman st; Frank A Rucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 390 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Bobey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Paxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 826 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtenh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas P Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 670 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kriage, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 449 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 567 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles' Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; R P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hettua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Keaney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Beehant, Treas; Dr. J H Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4731 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

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Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

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Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

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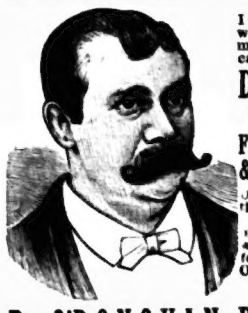

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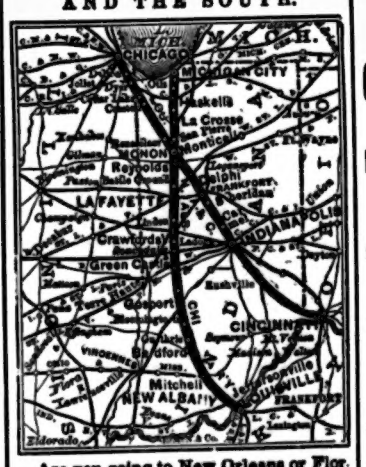

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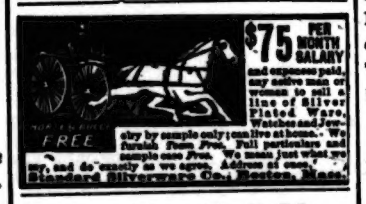
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